

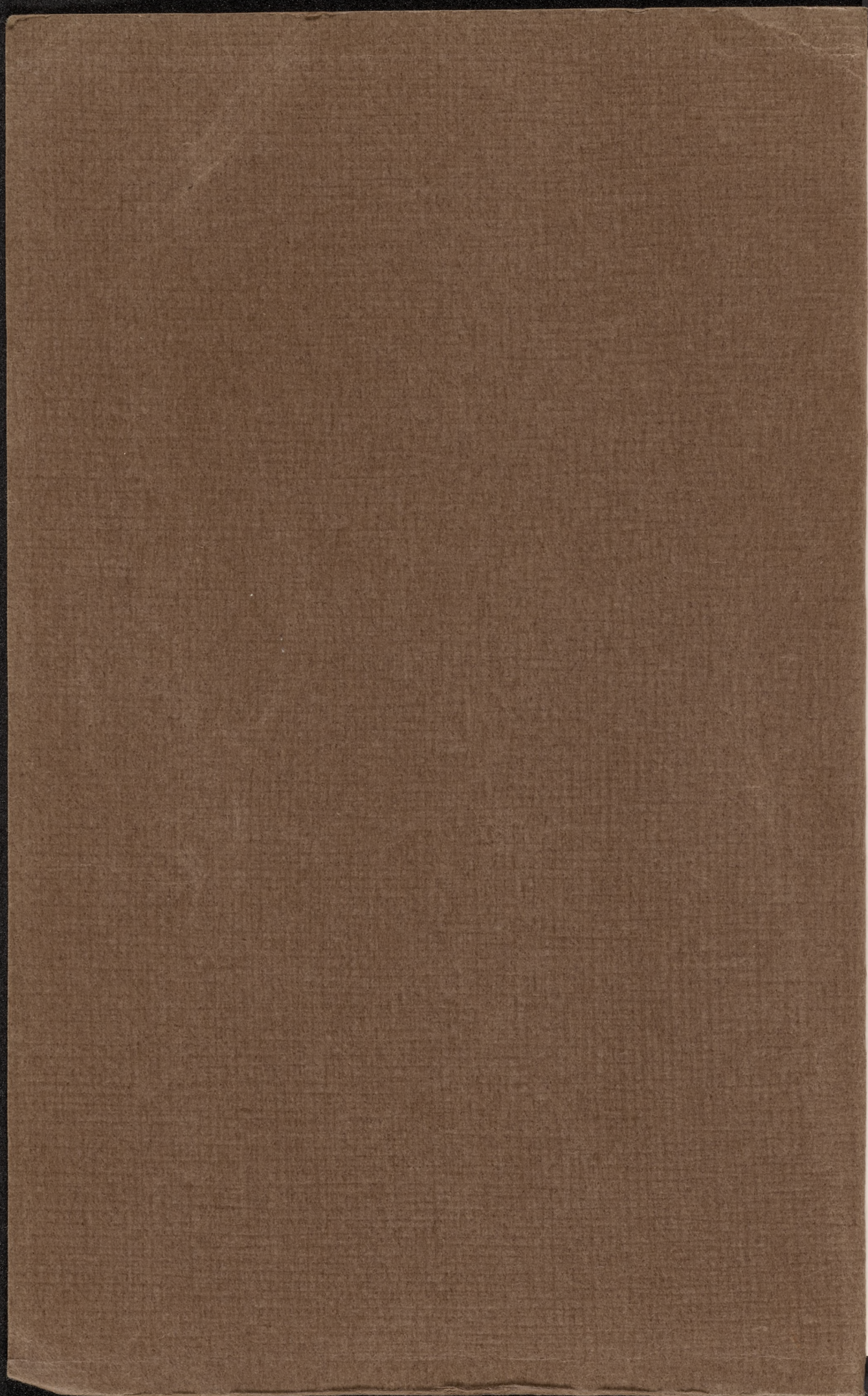


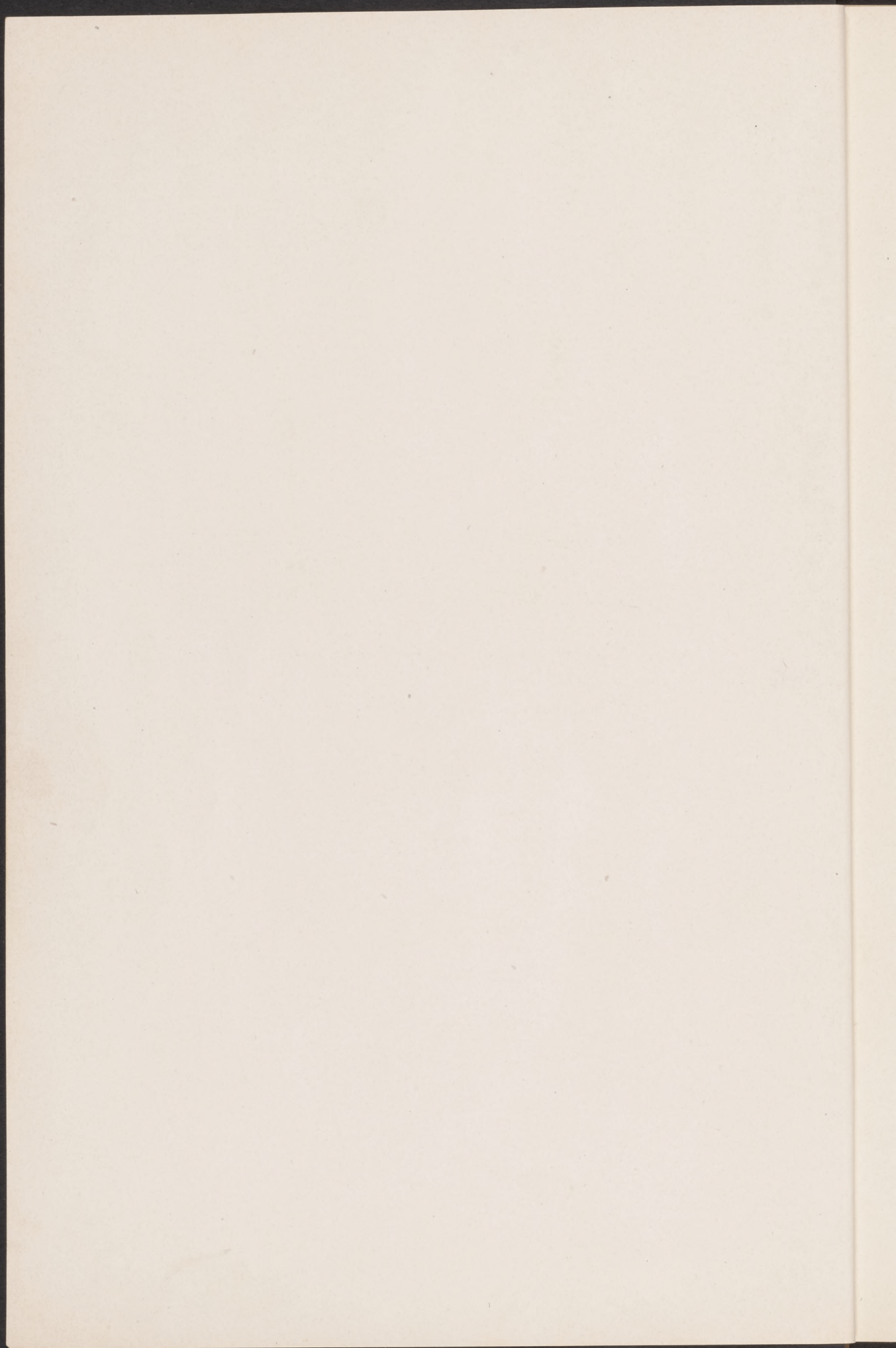
W. ENTERPRISE



VOLUME III P. M. S. 1875





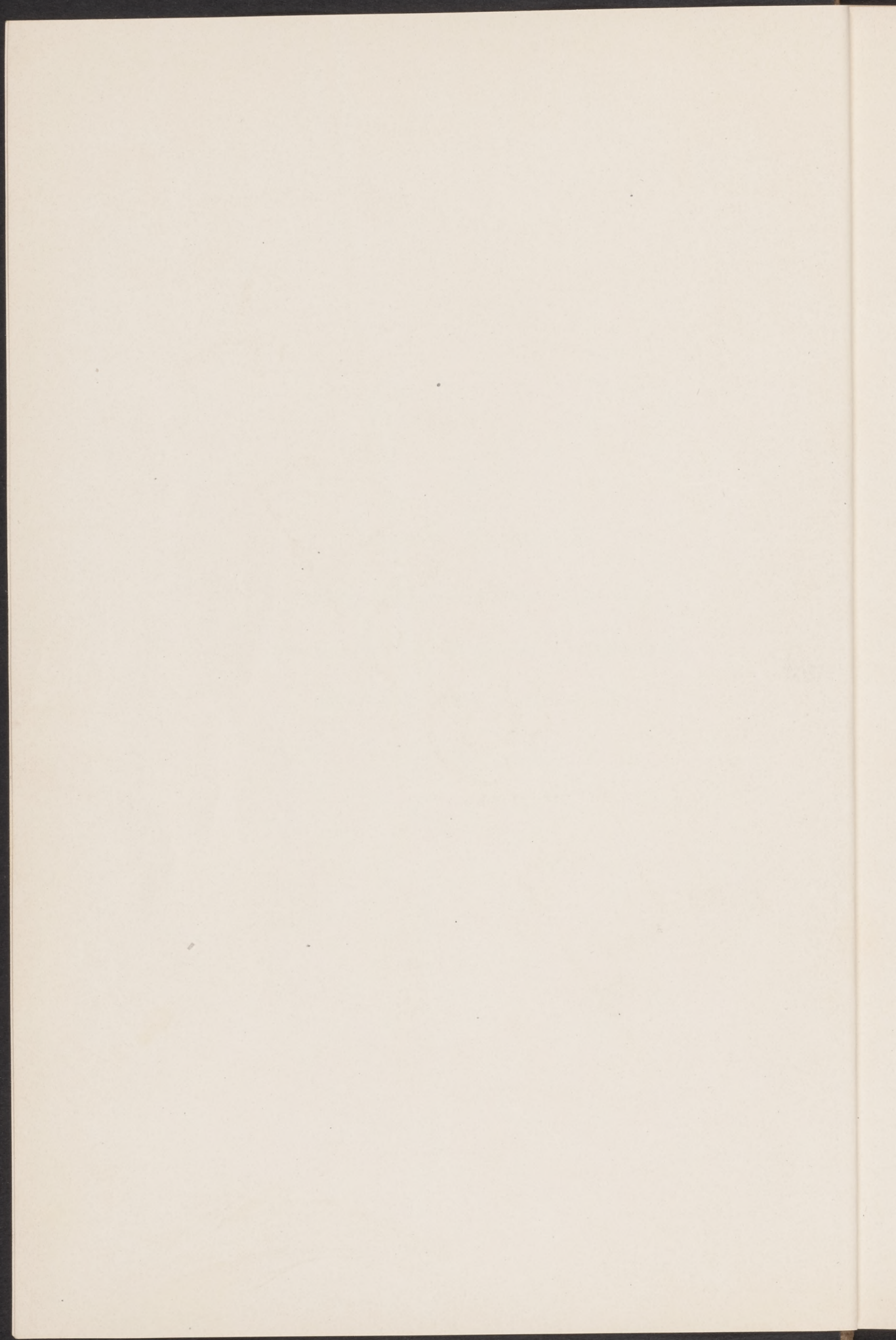


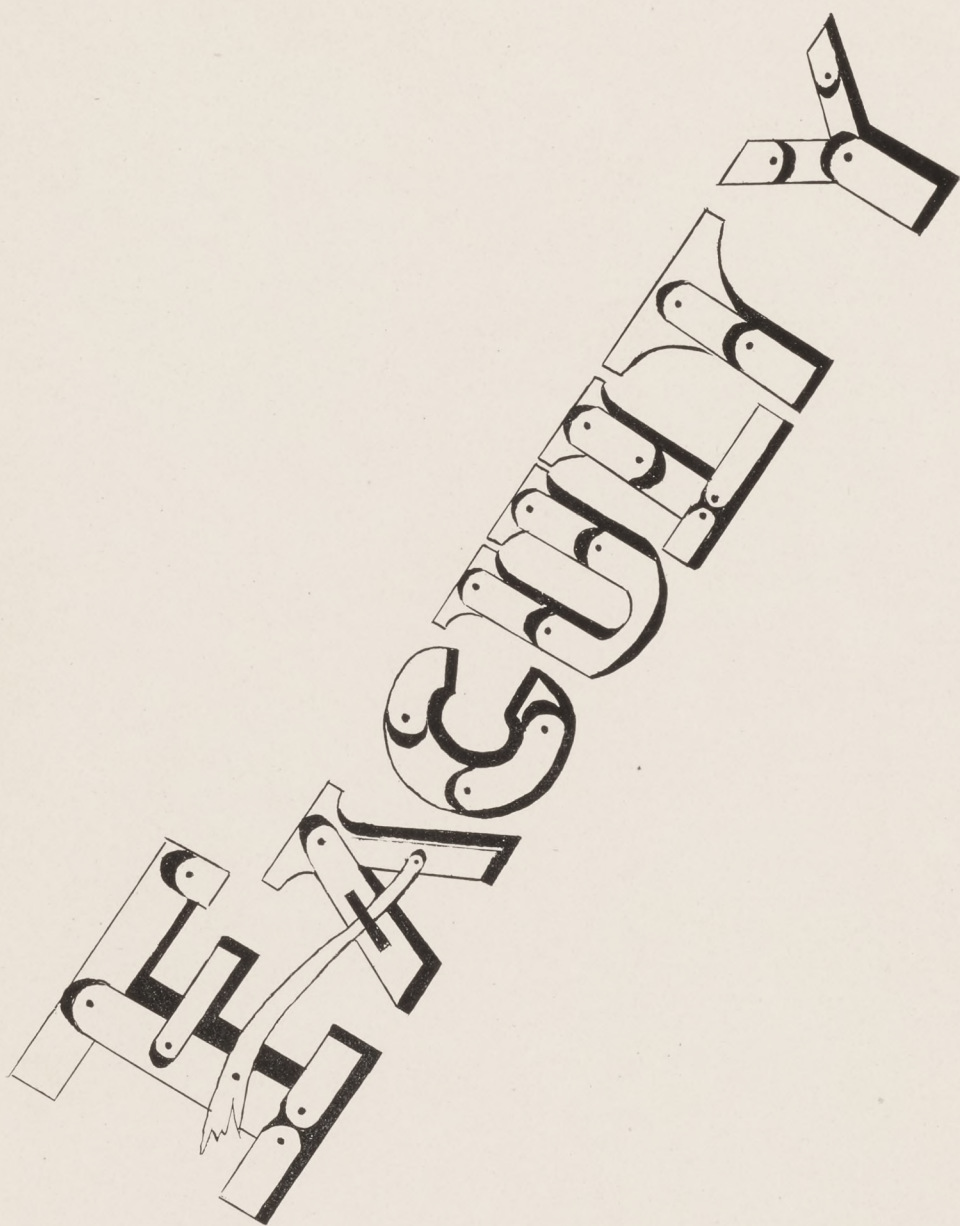
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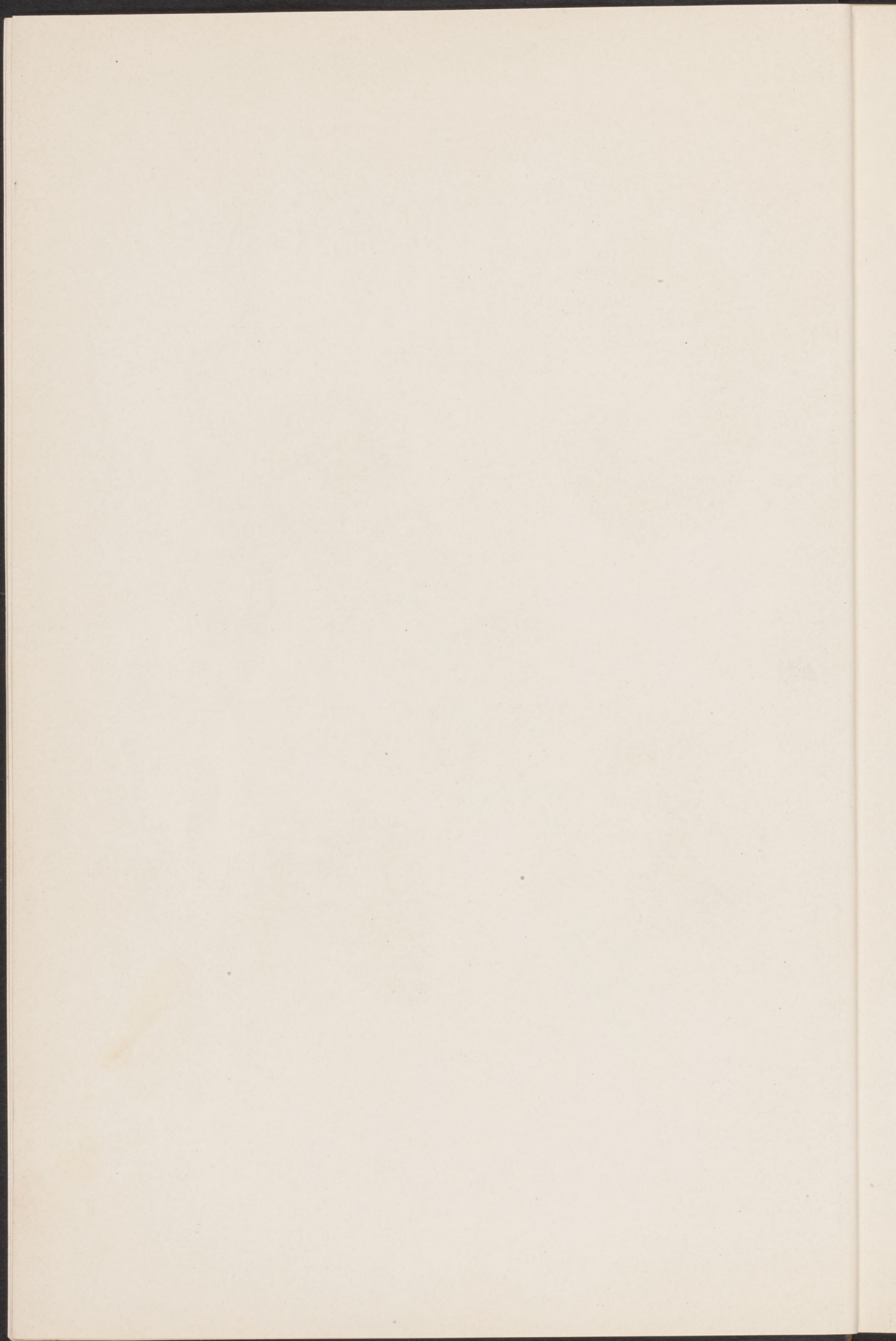
Emma F. Daniel

*Our class teacher, who has guided
us faithfully during the past four years,
this volume is dedicated by the*

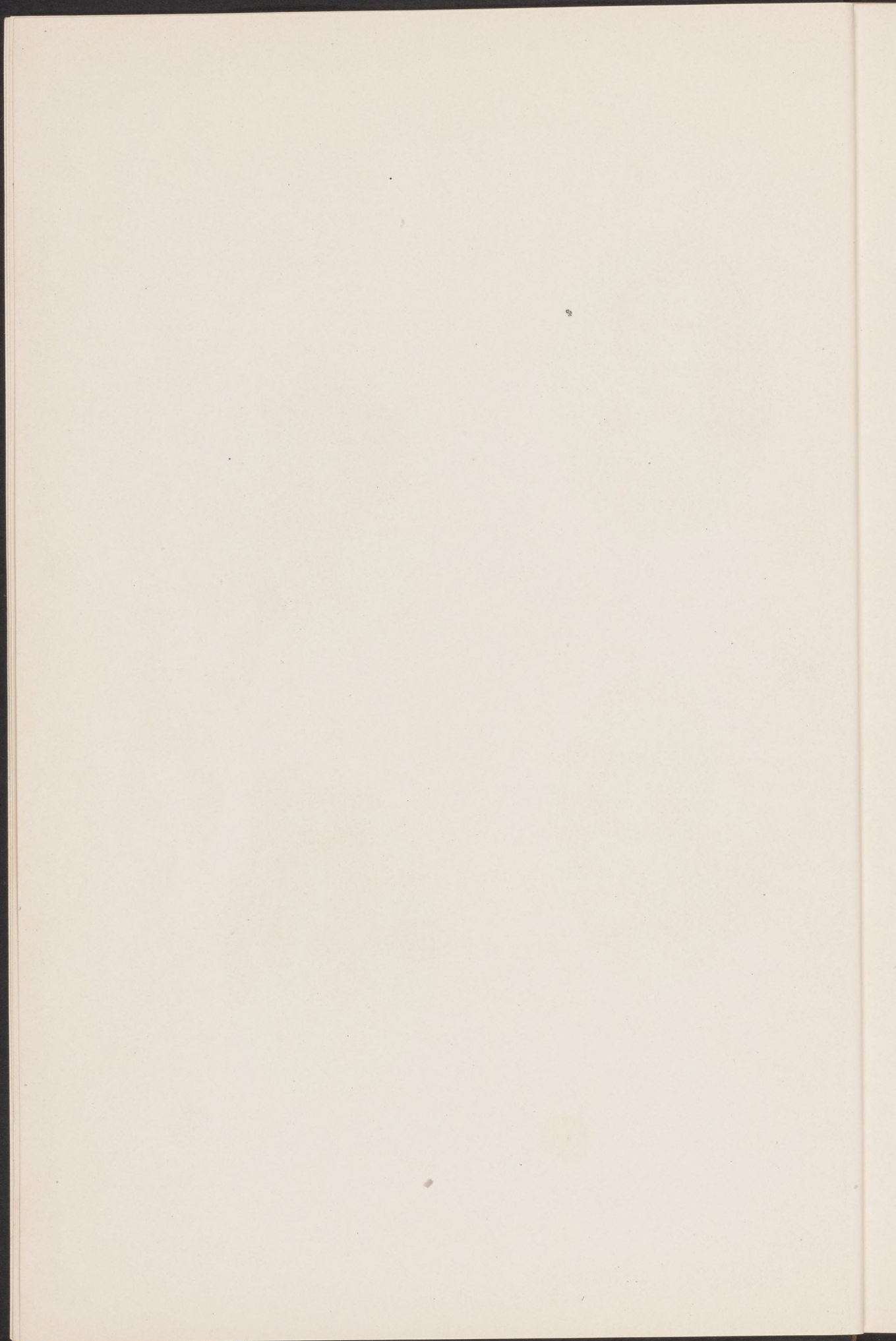
Class of 1910

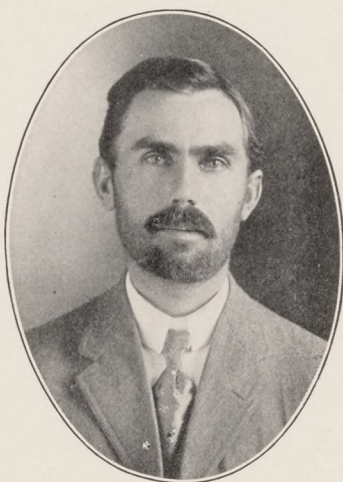
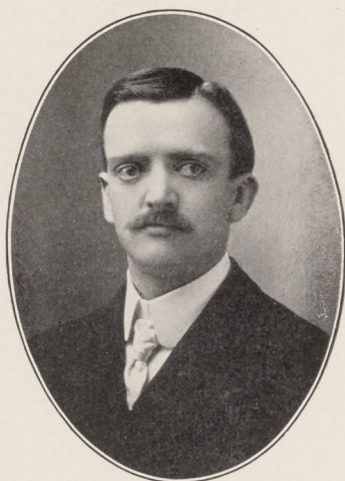


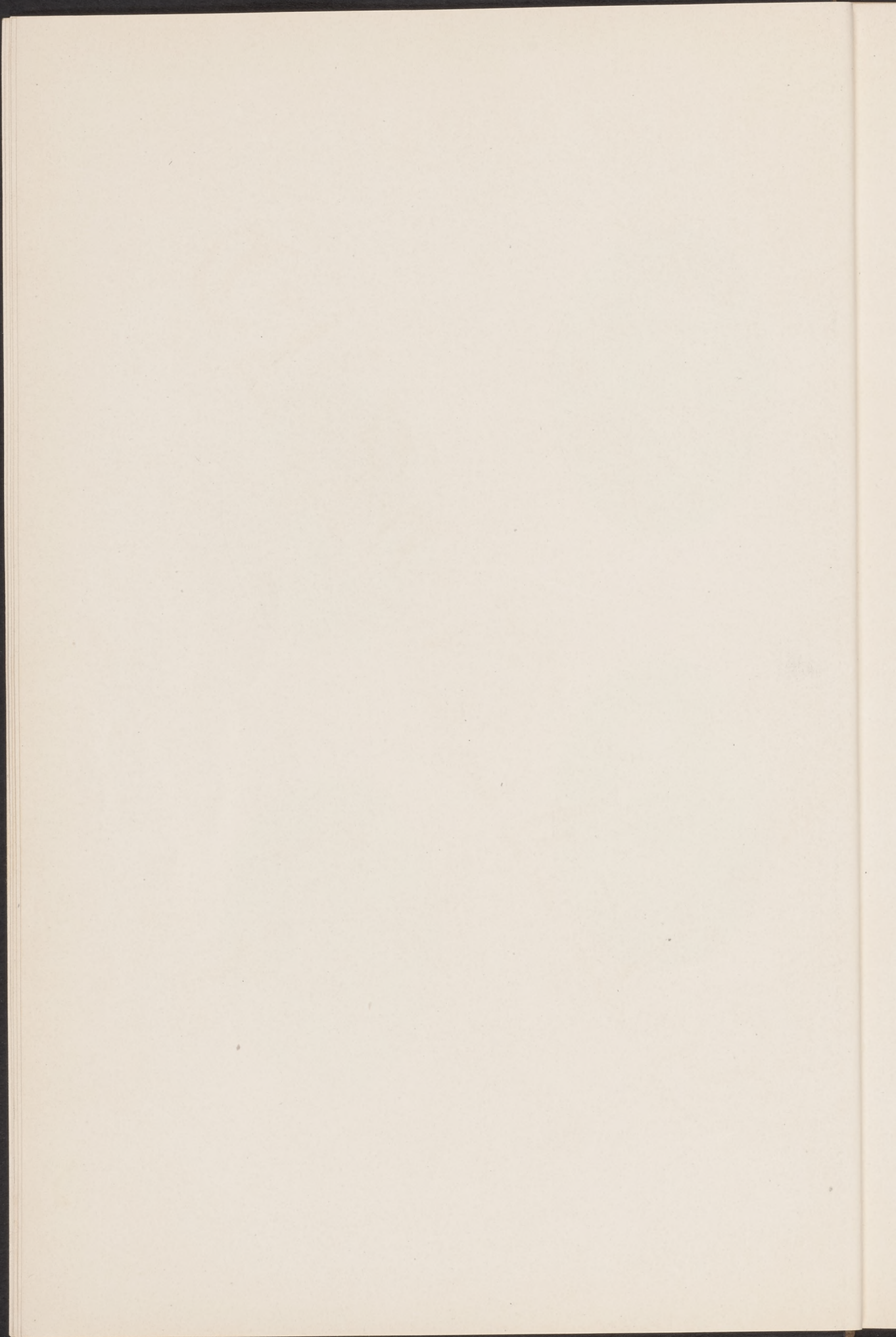




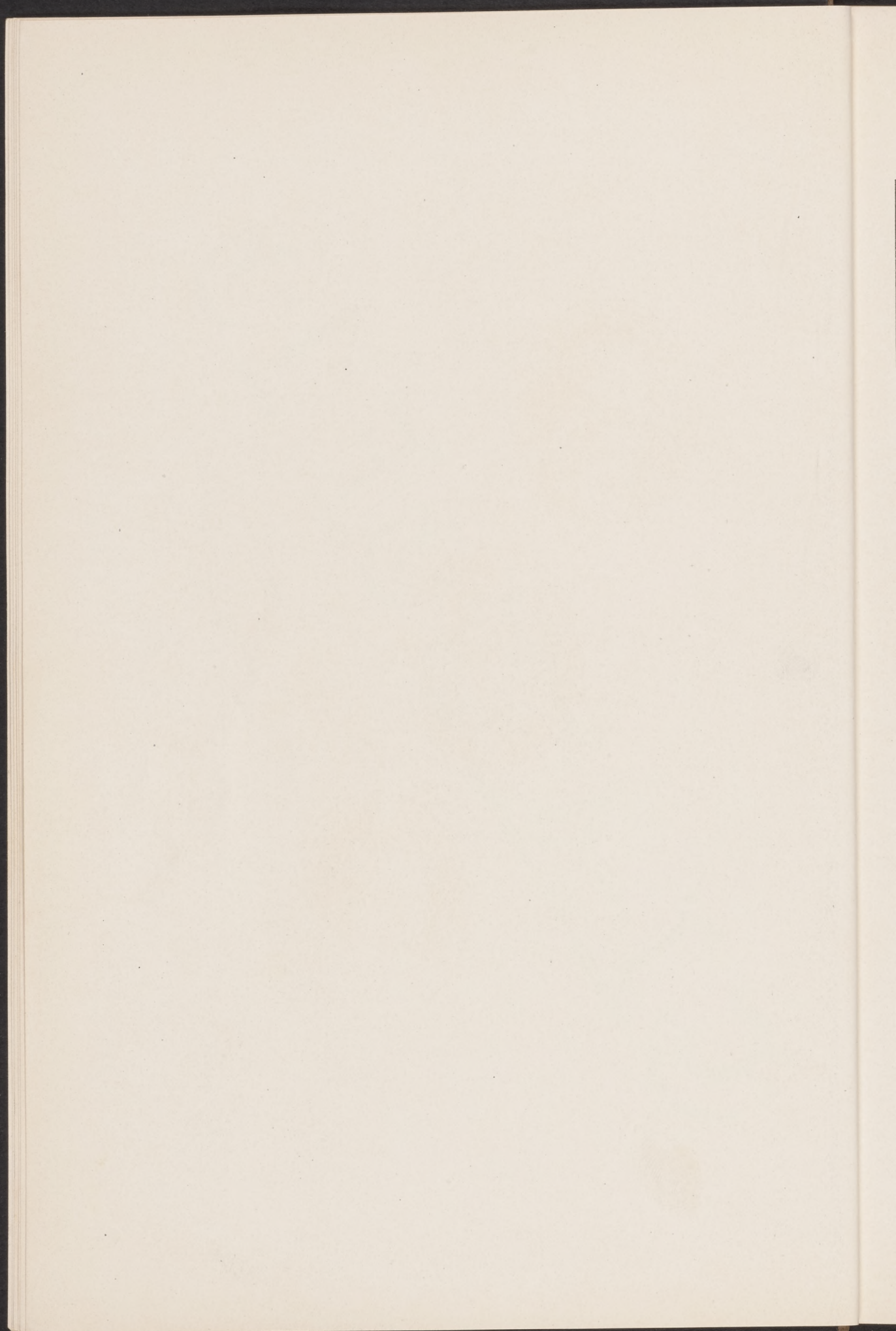








CLASS OF 19

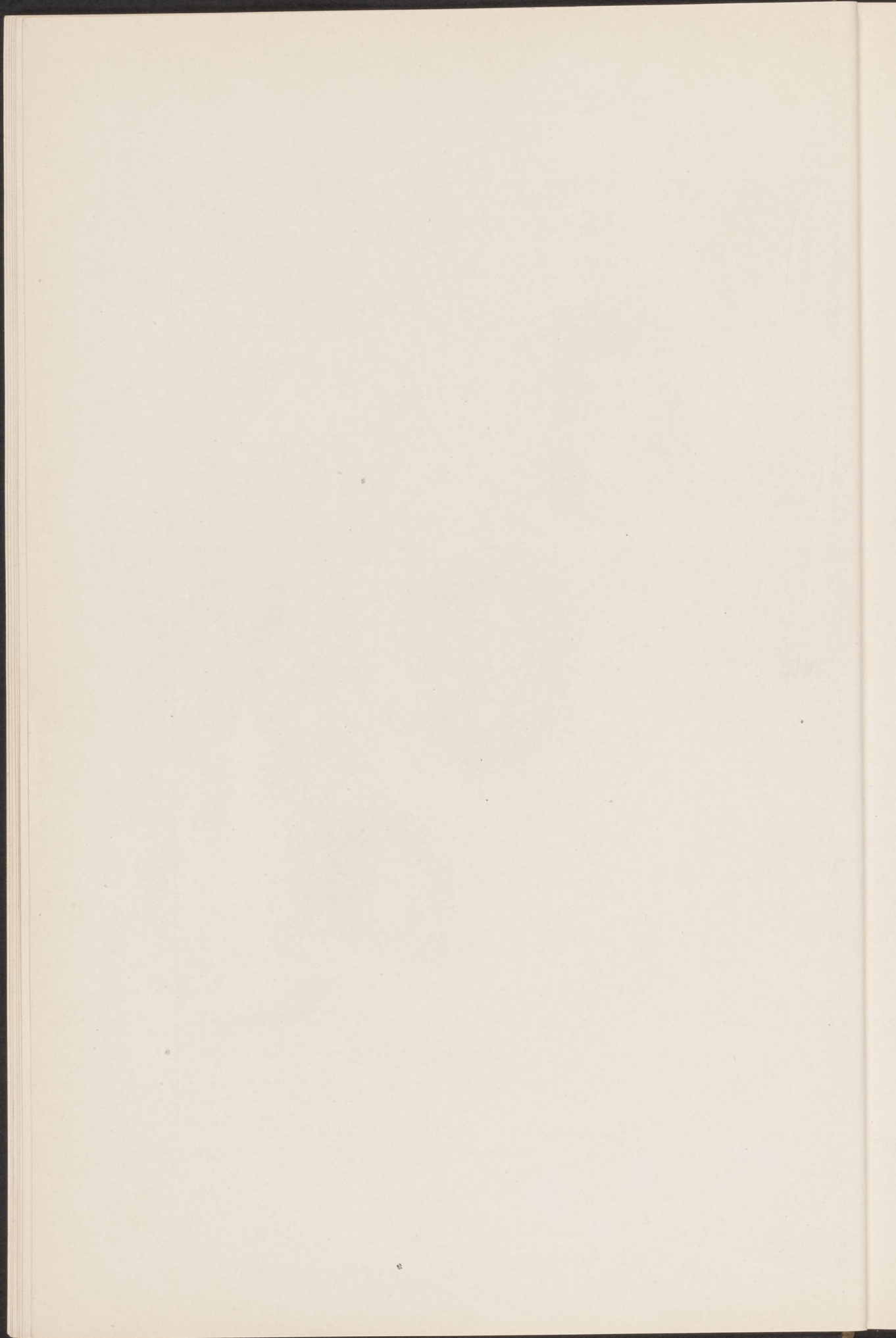




Lorene Myers
(President)

Will Cannon

Rosa Cole

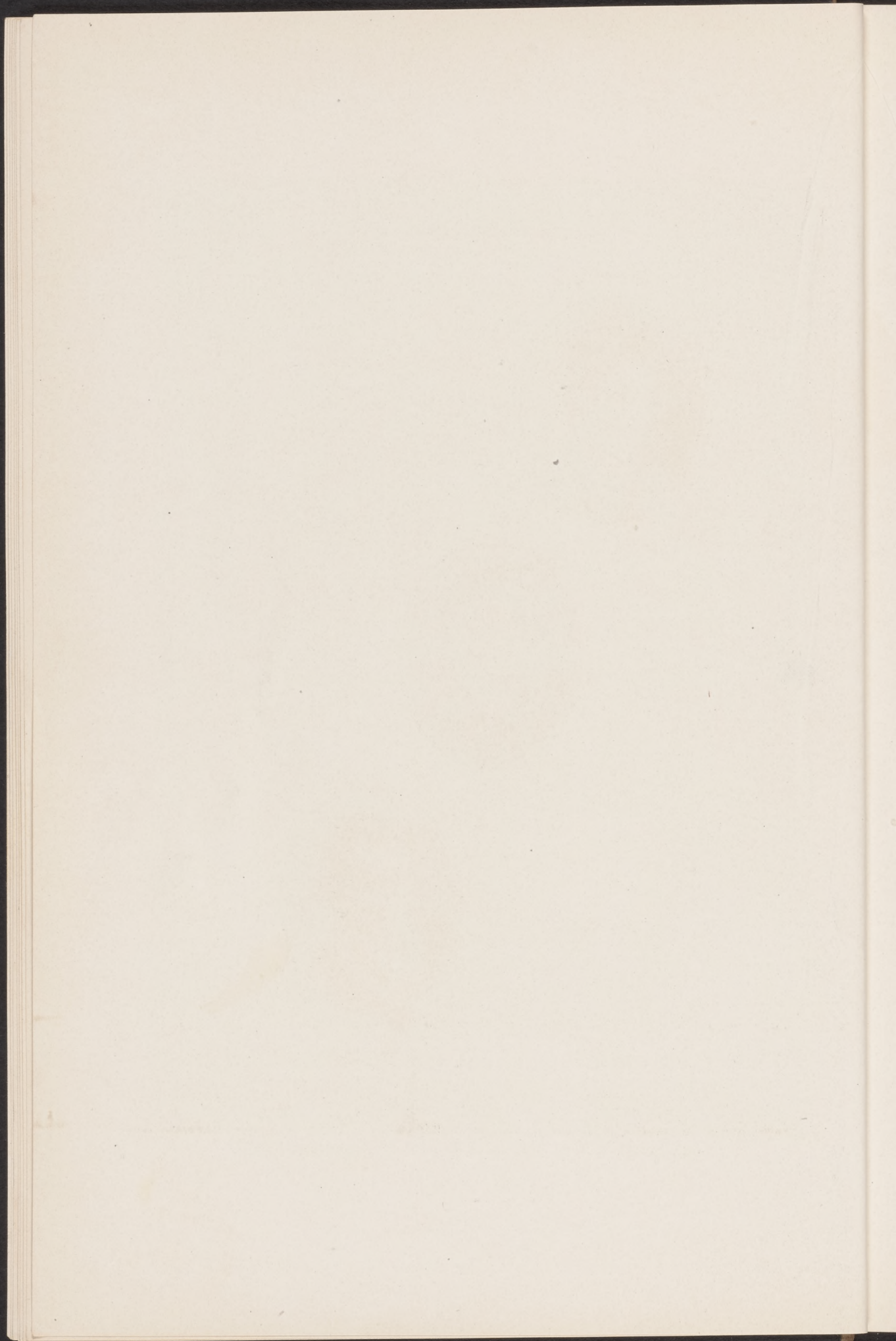




Warren Ealy

Percy Peck
Editor

Marion Partridge

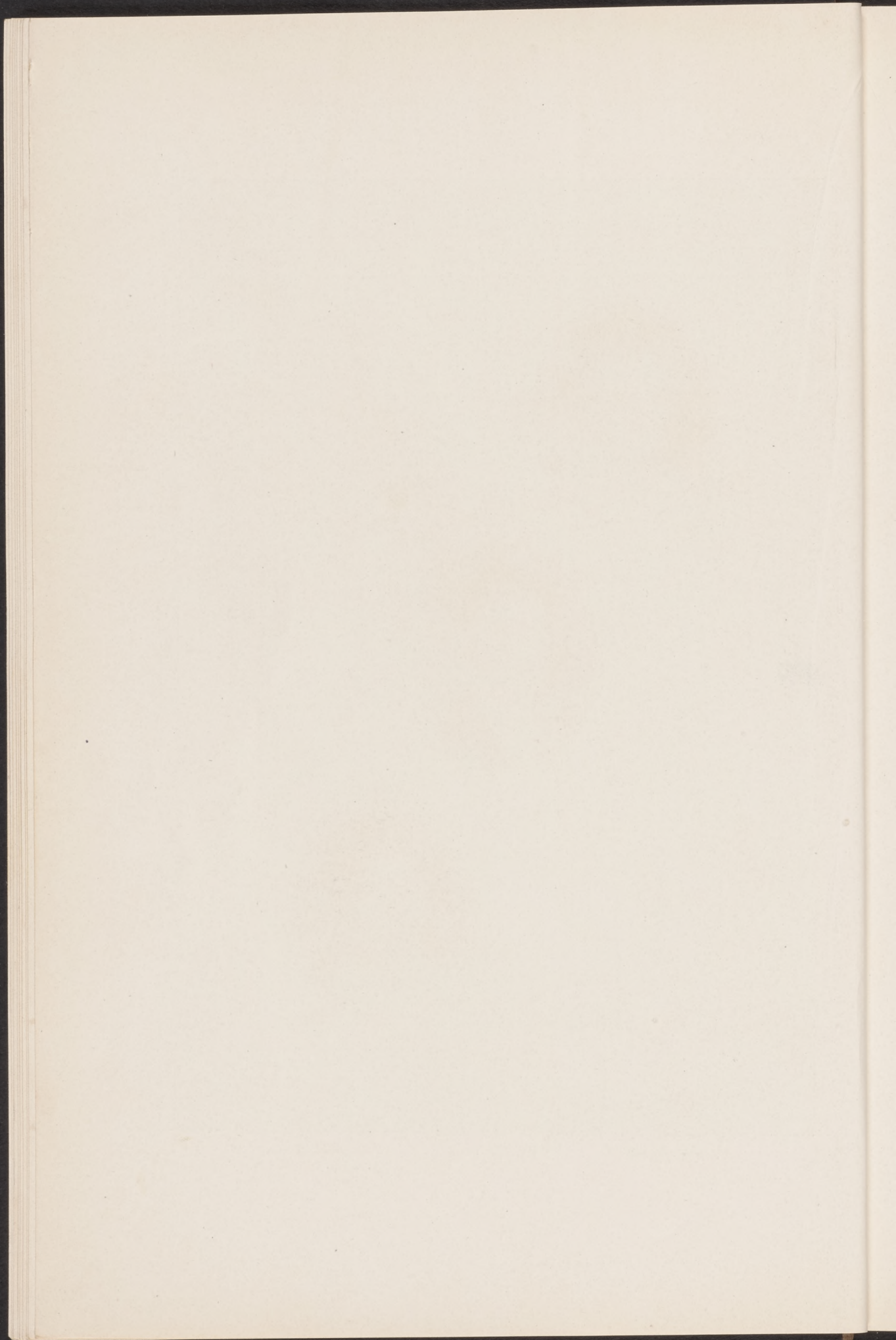




Addie Davies

Otto Klein

Arthur Purvine
Manager

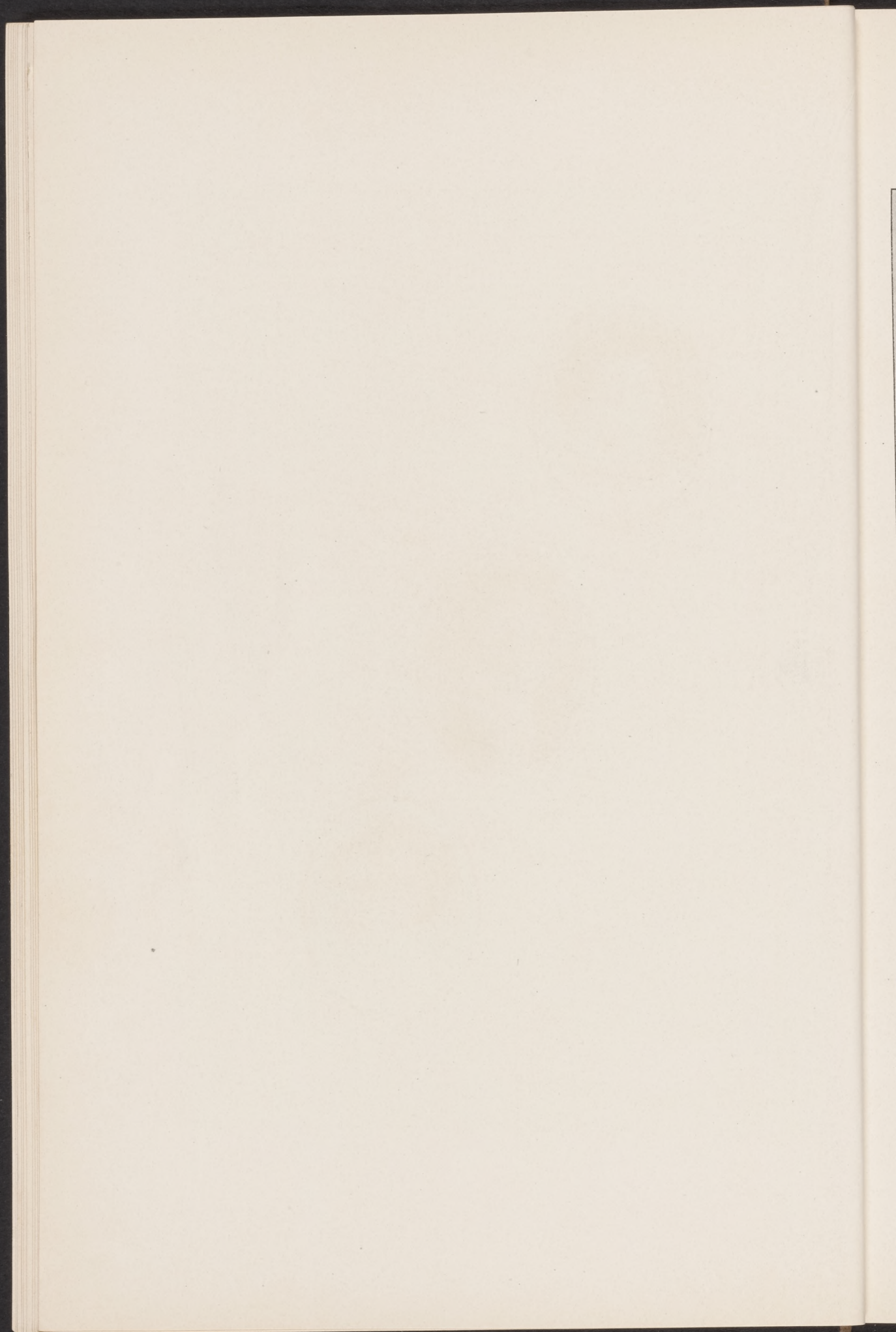




Florence Pometta

Virgil Skinner

Alice Dovey

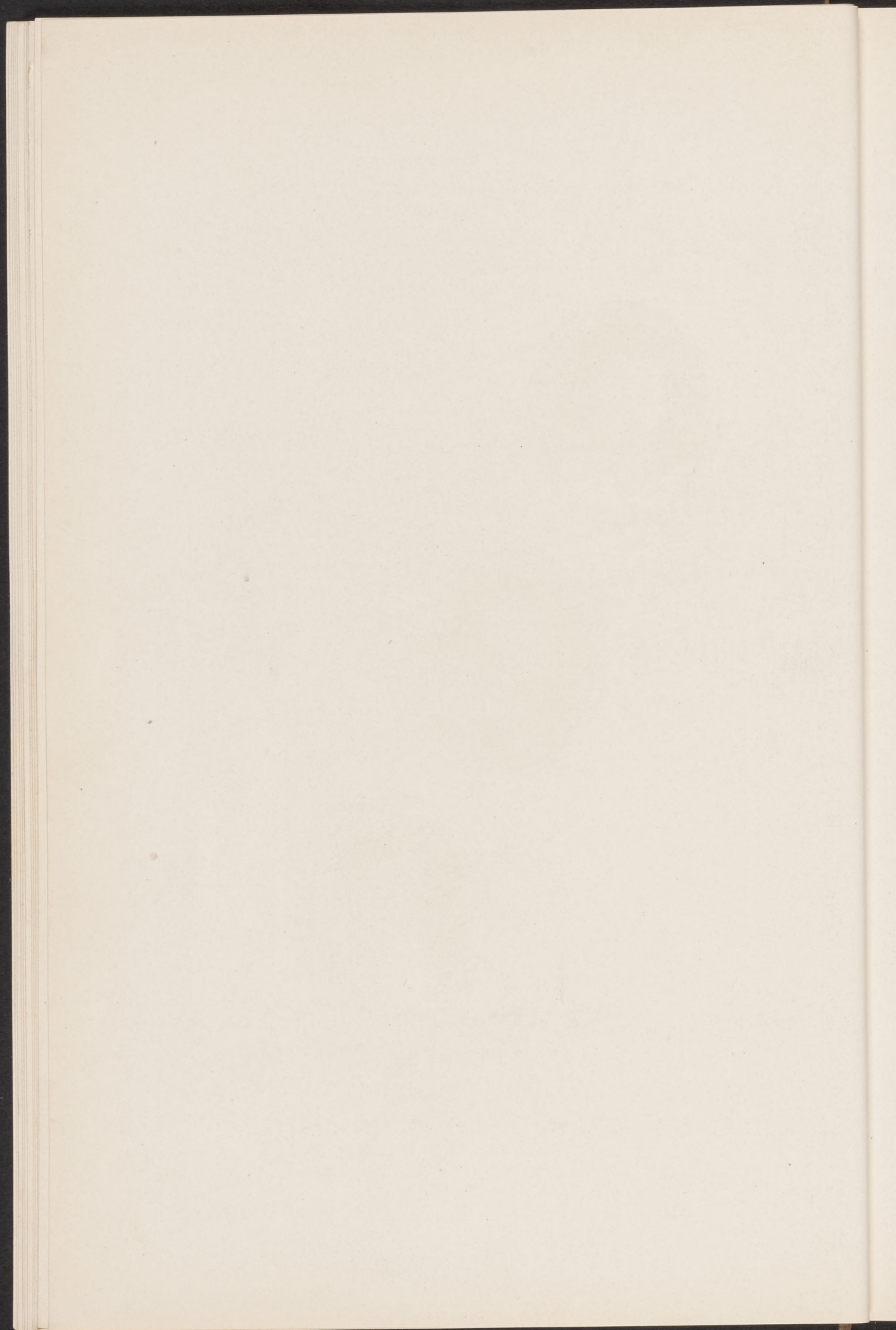




Helen Soldate

Leroy Brant

Shirley Bock

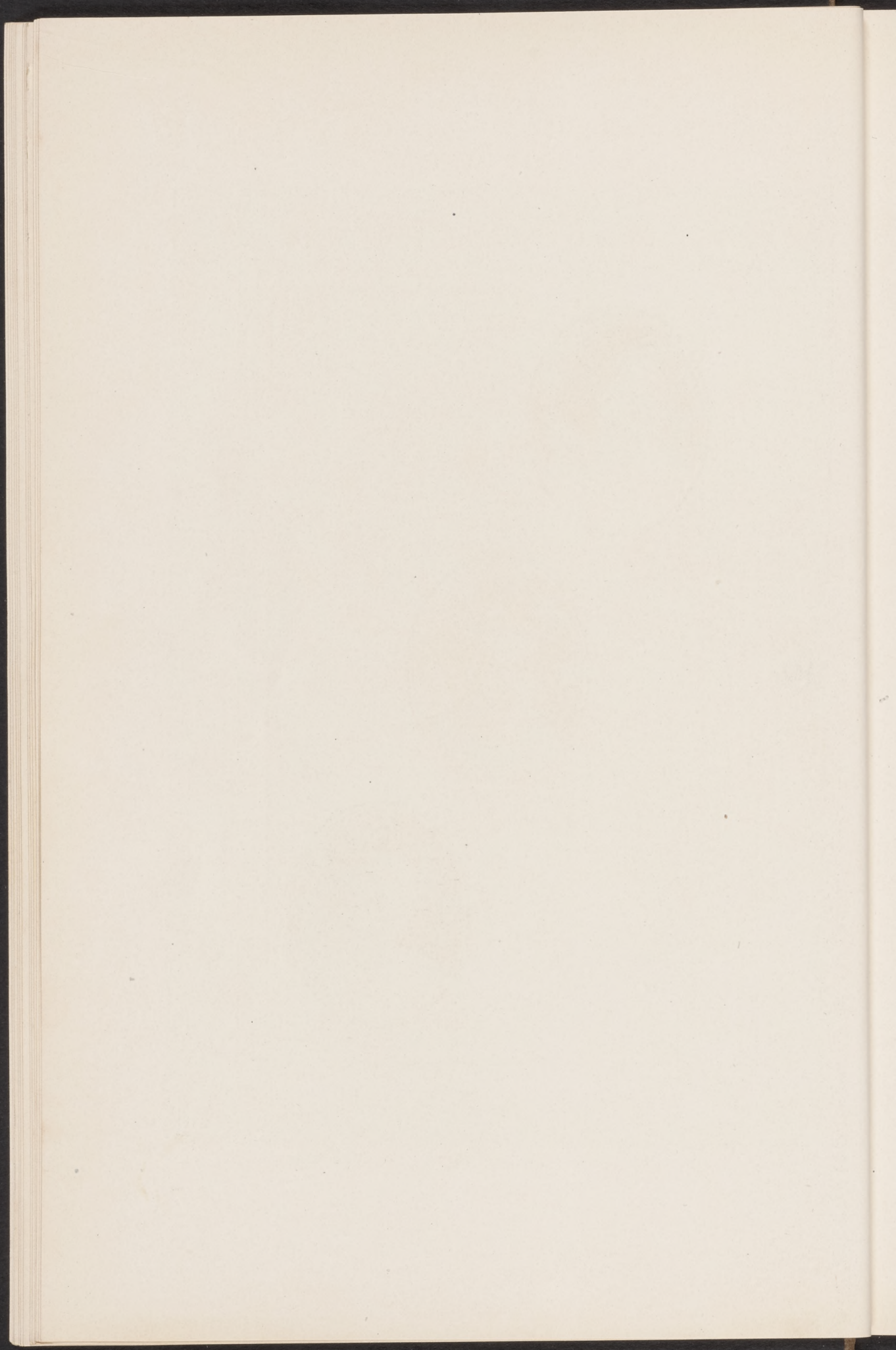




Rena Van Marter

Will Barth

Ruth King

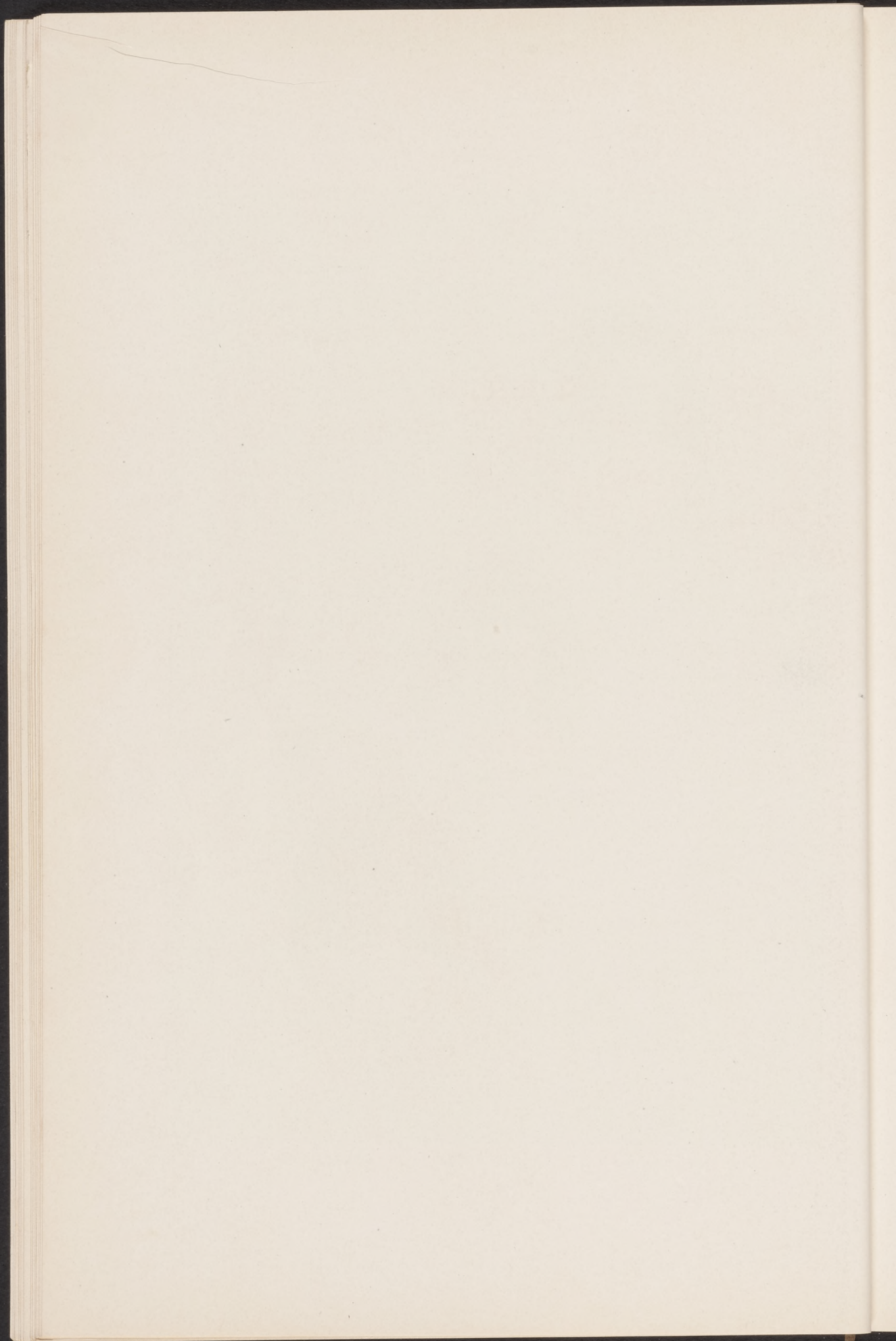




Mary Menary

Emma Saline

Edna Boyson



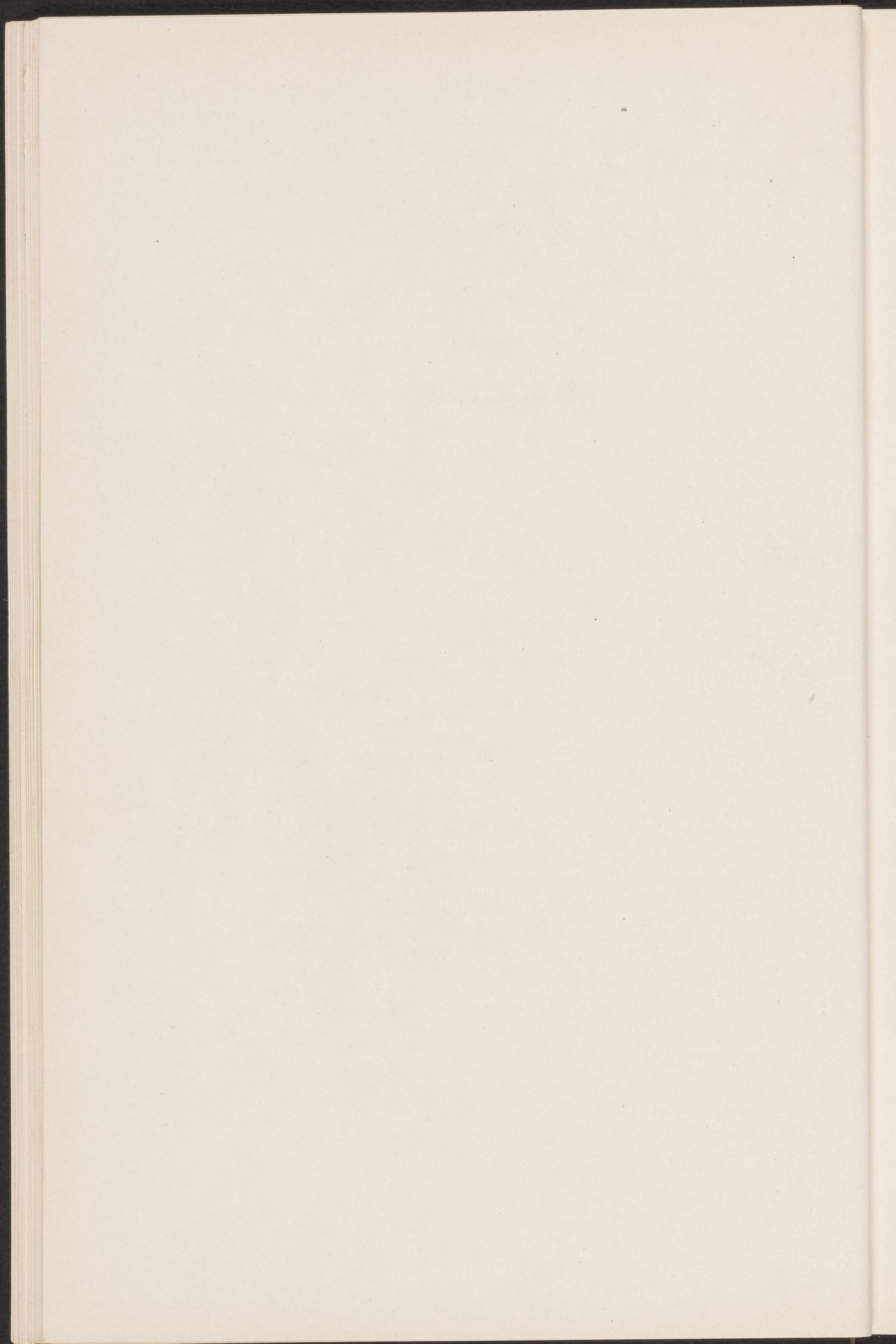


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HELLO! Yes! This is Main 4601. This is Peck. Play for a wedding? Impossible. All my time is engaged for two months ahead. Who is this? Cannon? Going to be married? Well, I guess yes. Let me see—when does your wedding come off? Next Tuesday week? I have an engagement then, but I'll break anything for an old schoolmate. Tuesday week then, at 12 M., St. Regis? All right, I'll be there."

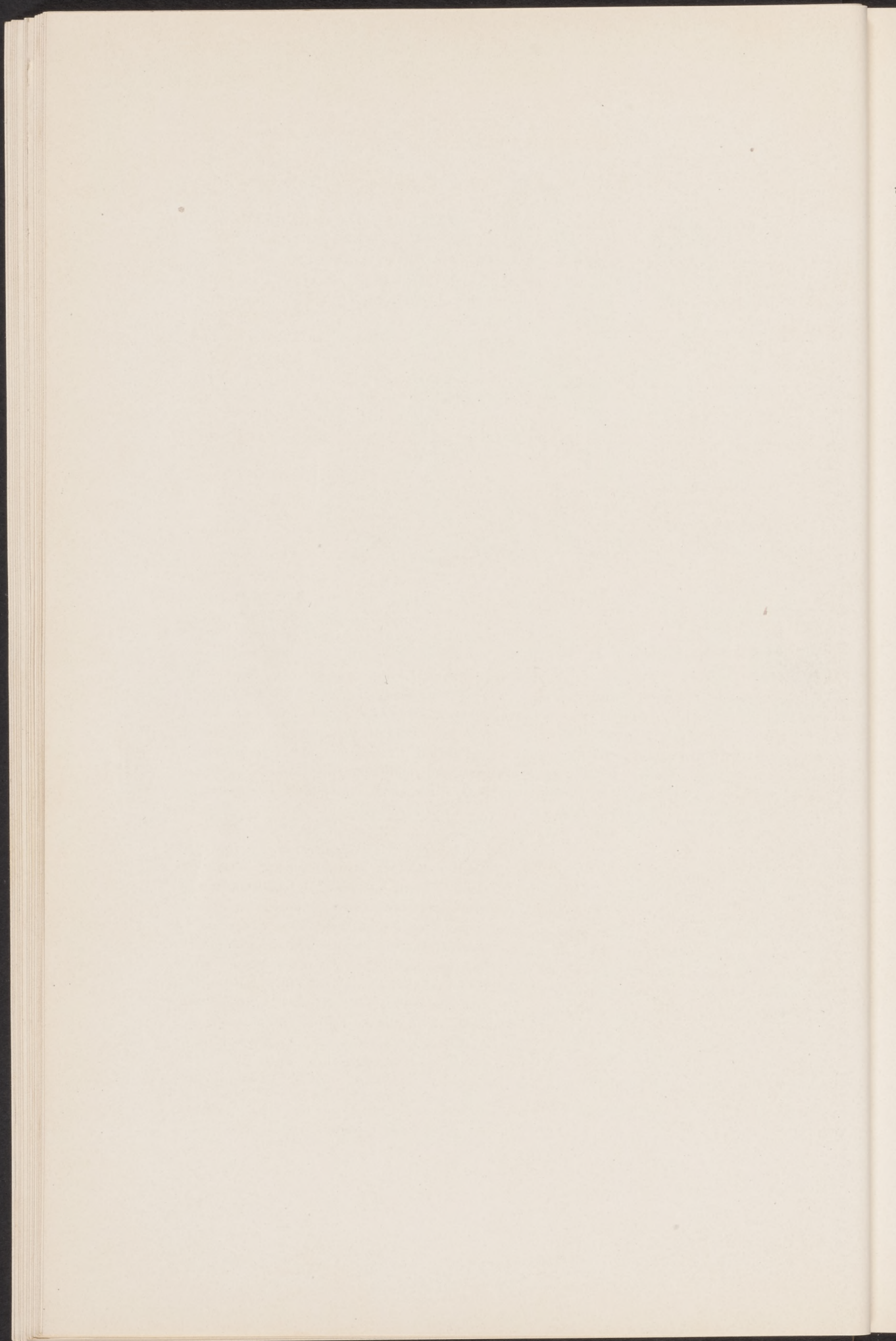
The speaker was one Mr. P. Peck, successor to John Phillip Sousa and the leader of a foremost orchestra. He needs no further introduction, for what true music lover has not heard him? The engagement he had made was to render music for a wedding to take place on Tuesday, June 21, 1922, and his willingness to break a previous engagement was explained by the fact that one of the happy couple was a certain Will Cannon whom Peck had previously known as an old schoolmate.

* * *

On Tuesday, June 21, the royal suite at the St. Regis was decorated with orange blossoms, while orange and black ribbons hung from the walls. All was so decorated but one small room; here were only white silk hangings, and a single spray of white immortelles upon an ivory stand. For this occasion the services of the leading florist of New York had been obtained, who was, of course, no less a personage than Ruth King, in whom a love for flowers had been cultivated by the study of botany in the good old P. H. S.

The officiating clergyman awaited the coming of the bride and groom. From behind a bank of orange blossoms whose odor permeated the air floated the strains of the wedding march. But the gem of chiefest beauty was the bride. I could not tell you how she was dressed, or what jewels she wore, but the smile on her lips and the light in her eyes, these were things to be noticed and remembered.

Who was the bride? A slender, dark-haired, stately girl—one whom Will had known for many years, Addie Davies. And now when one saw the happiness radiating from her face it was easy to understand why the jewels and the gown of the



so full of the realization of all her hopes that words did not matter.

The next day they went to Emma Saline's studio. It was situated on the eighth floor of the great Flatiron Building, in a sunny south room. As they walked down the hall they saw the following sign;

**E. SALINE
PICTURES.**

and on the next door;

**V. SKINNER
MINING PROMOTER.
OIL STOCKS
TEMPERANCE LECTURER.**

They entered the great painter's waiting room, where they were met by a serving maid who said, "Madame is ill, and sees no one today."

"Take our cards in anyway and I think she will see us," said Cannon.

After a moment the maid returned and ushered them into a darkened room, where, upon a couch lay the artist. A wet kerchief was on her forehead, and a bottle of smelling salts in her hand.

Addie was immediately by her side.

"Emma, what is the matter, dear?"

"O, Addie, I'm so glad to see you. No, I haven't a headache. I just want somebody to tell my troubles to."

At this point Will discreetly withdrew, leaving the two women to themselves.

About three-quarters of an hour later they both came out, and Emma was smiling, but she was so pale and emaciated that Cannon was startled, but seeing his wife put her finger on her lips, said nothing.

Arrangements were made for the pictures. The sittings were to begin in two weeks; sooner was impossible, and Will and his wife went away.

"What in the world is the matter with Emma?" said he.

"It's a sad story,—very sad—. She has fallen in love with Virgil Skinner. You noticed his sign next to hers. Well, he has been there three years now, she has been there five, and she has constantly seen him come and go, and she's head over heels in love with him. But he has never made an advance, not even to treat her to an ice-cream soda. Men are brutes, anyway. And her heart is just breaking for him, the worthless creature, and she's getting as pale as a ghost, and she won't go away for she couldn't live without seeing him, and she's just so thin, and she paints such beautiful pictures and oh—" here Addie's voice trailed on into sobs.

"Well, dear, it certainly is too bad, but let's hope it will come out all right."

"And you know she was always so modest and shy, would hardly think of a boy, and now she's fallen in love with someone that won't even look at her, oh! it makes me vexed to think of it!" A little red spot appeared on either cheek, and Cannon, even though he was a minister, seeing them did just what you or I would have done. The subject was dropped for the time, and Cannon absorbed himself in the snappiest school paper of the day, The Meteor, where he saw the following item;

COBRAS WIN FROM PYTHONS.

Score 32 - 15.

The Cobras last evening won the hardest game of the season from the Pythons. Both teams were in fine form, and the Pythons put up an exceptionally fine game, but owing to the marvelous playing of Helen Soldate, the Cobras won the world's championship for girls' basket ball. This marvelous player threw twelve field goals from the enemies' territory, scoring every time the ball was in her hands. She is probably the strongest single player in the world.

Invitations to the Bailu ball had been received, and the Cannons were going. It

was seven o'clock; Addie was putting on her jewels. She had slipped on her rings, which lay in a tray on her dressing table, and turned to the little safe which held her other trinkets, when she found the lock forced. Hastily opening the door, she saw that everything was there except a very valuable bracelet. Calling in her husband, together they searched the room. No bracelet was there. All search was fruitless, and the police were notified.

As Cannon went down town to his study the next morning he decided to take a round about way, for a little morning walk. In one of the streets he noticed this sign,

M. PARTRIDGE
Trouble Bureau.

"Trouble Bureau," he muttered, "I guess that is what I need," so he entered, thinking of the bracelet. Here he found that M. Partridge was Marion Partridge, whom he had known as a schoolmate in youthful days. He was not much surprised to find her engaged in a sort of philanthropical work, he had expected that. The surprise was to find her in New York; he had thought that she would be in the Antipodes as a missionary to the savages. But here she was, and he was very glad to see her.

They had a little visit, and finally Marion asked Cannon his business. He told her of the bracelet. She went to a drawer and took out a diagram.

"You see I have my business systematically arranged." Then she said,

"Criminal, a-b-h-l-r, r, robbery; Myers. I would advise you to go to Myers, 1111 5th Ave. She is our old Lorene, become a lawyer. She can probably help you." So Cannon went out and through the street till he came to the given address, and found Lorene. They were glad to see each other and visited awhile. After they got down to business, Lorene advised that her private detective who, she said, pos-

sessed extraordinary abilities, be put upon the case. So he was called in, Mr. W. Barth, a man with whom the reader is doubtless so well acquainted that he needs no further introduction. Cannon took Barth home with him, and after he had carefully investigated the case he said, "I have found four clues, all pointing to one person, who is known to the police. He has a reputation of being a most crafty and desperate character, and it is probable that he cannot be captured, but I will do my best."

On Aug. 15 Barth was carried into the Emergency Ward of Bellvue Hospital. He had captured his man, but in doing so he had received a terrible blow on his head from a blackjack. Trepaning was necessary, and for many weeks he lay hovering between life and death. The best nurse which the hospital afforded was given him. And when he finally opened his eyes to know sanely of anything the nurse collapsed. For she had permitted no one to nurse him but herself. She had known him when he was a boy, and they had played together, calling each other Shirley and Will.

Shirley was put to bed, and stayed there for several days. Complete rest was all she needed. There was a great deal of talk about a tall, slim fellow whom Shirley called LeRoy, that came to visit her and brought her flowers and fruit and boxes of bon bons. He used to come at 1:30 and stay till dark, and it was said that the great church organ at St. Margaret's suffered for lack of attention and he nearly lost his position because of the poor music he furnished of a Sunday. Some, however, said that it was as much on account of his indolent disposition and that tired feeling he so frequently complained of as anything else. At all events, when Shirley was able to be around again, she was seen wearing a solitaire, and the first day she was permitted to go down stairs she tendered her resignation to the hospital authorities.

* * *

On June 21, 1923, there were great doings at the home of Mary Menary, the principal of Petaluma High School. Good things were being cooked by the cartload; servants were flying around with great trays of dishes; and once a wagon drove up to the door with fifteen rounds of that delectable compound which students like so well, known as jaw-breakers.

For tonight the grand re-union of the '10 class was to take place. Mary Menary was to be hostess, and, in the words of Shakespeare, "—there was going to be something stirring." It was arranged that the whole class should come up on the same train, and here they came, and the eyes of the old inhabitants brightened as they heard the familiar sound of "All right now, all ready, giv'em Whiskity." And then they gave them "Skyrocket," and

then "P. H." and then they were at the school buildings and they gave a tiger for the new P. H. S., and there stood Mary, waiting for them, and they gave three cheers for her, too. She had arranged that the reunion banquet should be held at the school, and she had a huge table to hold things, and a big bonfire was laid and Purvine and Early drew lots to see who should light it. Alice made a speech, not Alice the philosopher, but she of 1910, and everybody had a hilarious time.

Late that night a wanderer passing by the schoolyard heard issuing therefrom the sounds of that immortal lyric,

"We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
We won't go home until morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

A Poem in Limericks

A lady who lived near the Platte,
Had a powerful long pin in her hatte,
She caught a young guy
In the edge of his eye,
And he'll never find out where he's atte.

Now a cowboy caught sight of this
"beaut,"
When arrayed in her stunning new seaut,
She had done up her hair
On a frame a rod square—
No wonder he wanted to sheaut.

Now the maiden belonged to a clique
Who thought they were wonderfully
slique,
But their "waterfall," mind,
Had worked 'round behind,
And it tumbled them into the crique.

Their fate, so you see, was enough
For a warning to those with the stough,
So ladies, beware
How you do up your hair,
For you may come to grief, and no blough.

W.



THE KING OF COLLIES



HE train was traveling through a wooded country, and I had on several occasions noticed on the edges of the clearings the skulking form of the timber wolf. A discussion arose among us whether or not a dog was the match of the timber wolf; some said he was, and some said he wasn't; one of the party said he was, and told the following story as a proof.

"Once every two years it is my custom to take what I call my big vacation. The summer had been exceedingly hot and I had been exceedingly busy so it was late in the fall before I began to plan for my much-needed rest. I decided to have a hunt, so for the remaining weeks I pored over all the sporting papers I could get my hands on; I also became the proud possessor of a shining Winchester rifle.

"The first of October found me encamped with guide and baggage on a little stream at the foot of the Canadian Rockies. On the journey I had become the owner of a large and very powerfully built Collie dog; I had taken a liking to him, and bought him from a farmer at whose house I had stayed one night during the trip. I named him "King" and he well deserved it, for he was indeed "King of Collies." I had bought him because of his good looks and intelligence, but I was not long in finding out that he was as brave and fearless as he was good looking.

"We had a cabin in the timber zone but were often away from it for days on journeys into the nearby mountains. On our return we always found that our camp had been visited by wolves, and one time we found that they had broken into our supply of bacon, which we had carelessly left on the ground.

"On one of these expeditions I had the luck to wound a brown bear and he led me a merry chase. Toward evening it began to snow, and it was not long before I had completely lost my way. After traveling in a circle for about an hour I sat down at the foot of a giant tree and King took his place at my feet.

"From the forest came a cry; I knew it in an instant; a long-drawn howl, like, and yet unlike that of a dog. King sprang to his feet with a start, nostrils quivering and his splendid mane bristling. The cry was repeated still nearer and I unconsciously tightened my grip on my rifle. Nearer and nearer it came, until into an open space among the trees, with a swift, silent tread, came a long, lean timber wolf. I raised my rifle but he was gone into the forest.

"I had no desire to spend the night in the forest with such companions. I suddenly thought of King, and pointing forward again and again, "Home, King, Home!" He seemed to understand at once, and before long, following his guidance, I found my bearings, but night fell long before I had reached shelter.

"The cabin lights were in sight when suddenly King stopped, looked back, and emitted a low growl, then continued, his head close to the ground; suddenly he rushed off toward home. I thought nothing of it until I reached a small clearing in the middle of a patch of underbrush; then in the uncertain light I made out King in a deadly struggle with two great, grey wolves. As I watched, King closed in on one of his enemies and seizing him by the throat, lifted him clean off his feet, while the other jumped on the brave dog's back, tearing and gnashing at his throat.

"The truth suddenly dawned on me. Two timber wolves had probably been

stalking me and King had caught them un-
 awares. I dared not shoot into the mix-
 up, but at last the wolf was thrown off his
 back and by a well-directed shot I put it
 out of the fight. King had his other an-
 tagonist pinned under him and was slow-
 ly strangling it to death. I ended the
 struggle by shooting it in the head.

"King stood up straight and then fell
 with a deep moan. I carried him into the
 cabin, but when I examined his wounds I
 saw that he had fought his last fight. I
 sat up with him all night and at dawn of
 day, the bravest dog I ever knew took the
 trail to the happy hunting grounds."

J. W. E. '10.

When the Joke's on You

In this world of chance and changes,
 With its wealth of blithe and gay,
 There is much to start our laughter
 As we speed along our way—
 Laughter at the other fellow,
 Laughter with him, sometimes, too—
 But it's quite a different matter
 When
 the joke's
 on You.

If some friends of yours should happen,
 When they saw the time was ripe,
 To get you to hold the lantern
 While they rounded up the snipe;
 When you find you're by your "lonely,"
 As so many others do,
 Will you still be sweet about it,
 When
 the joke's
 on You?

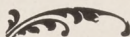
If you're started out to purchase
 Something for a mourner's bench,
 Or some lamp-black that's been whitened,
 Or a left-hand monkey wrench;
 Or some other foolish errand
 You are singled out to do,
 Will you see the fun that's in it,
 When
 the joke's
 on You?

When a bent pin you are fixing
 For the seat of "teacher's" chair,
 And you sit back in your own seat
 With a thud that's good and square;
 If you find a bent pin resting
 Where you least expected to,
 Will you still be sweet about it,
 When
 the joke's
 on You?

If at Basket Ball or Tennis,
 When the game begins to go
 For the team that you're opposing,
 And your team continues slow;
 Will you take their jokes and joshes
 As you've wanted them to do,
 Will you still be "game" about it,
 When
 the joke's
 on You?

It's a game at which we're expert,
 It's an easy thing, I say,
 Just to laugh in glorious fashion
 When the game has gone our way;
 But it's quite a different matter—
 And I think you'll say it's true—
 Just for you to join in laughing
 When
 the joke's
 on You!

A. B. W.



MY POST-CARD FRIEND



E were all at the club one night when Tom Weston exclaimed—
“Oh, I say, fellows, I didn’t tell you about my new girl, did I? I saw an advertisement in the paper not long ago saying that Miss R. C., 375 Lincoln St., New Orleans, would like to exchange postals with somebody living in California. I answered and we exchanged quite a few cards when I asked her for her picture.”

“Did she send it?” we chorused.

“Did she! Say, would you like to see it?” and without waiting for an answer he pulled the picture out of his pocket. Imagine our amazement at seeing a smiling negro maiden. You may readily guess that Weston received quite a little joshing about his fair (?) love before we parted that evening.

I should probably have forgotten all about the matter if it had not happened that the next day while glancing over the paper I saw in big letters “Exchange Postcards.” Interested at once, I scanned the column, for the thought had struck me that I, too, might have some fun by answering one of the names given. After a great deal of study I decided on Jessie Jones from Tennessee. I pictured her a silly, giggling girl who would send a few touching verses and her picture and then stop. I immediately hunted up a card and wrote:

“Dear Miss Jones:—

I saw your name in the Exchange Postcards column in the Call. As I am trying to get a collection of postcards from all parts of the United States and have none from Tennessee, I would thank

you very much if you would answer my card.

Please address

Jack Tyler, etc.”

Although not strictly the truth (as I had never cared for postcards) it served the purpose and I sent it. A little over a week later, I received a reply saying that Miss Jones would be delighted to exchange cards with me.

So we started our correspondence. At first we were very formal but we soon became personal. I asked her for a description of herself. She modestly replied that she was just “ordinary” looking and that her disposition was neither good nor bad. She would like to have me give a description of myself, too. I answered by asking if she would send me one of her pictures if I sent her one of mine and the reply being affirmative I picked out my most flattering picture and sent it. Meanwhile I waited for the picture which was rather slow in coming. I was getting very much interested in my fair correspondent. Was she pretty or homely, rich or poor, young or old?

At last the picture arrived and I opened it with a feeling of suppressed excitement. I guess I was as surprised as Weston had been, only in a different way. Jessie was a perfect beauty. Curly, light-brown hair, merry blue eyes, a perfect nose, and a charming smile—she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and I wrote her as much. She wrote back that she liked my looks so much, that I looked so noble, and she did hope we could meet each other some time. Then for a while the postals were of the “touching verse” variety I had expected at first.

One day the Head of the House for which I was working called me into the office and told me that he wanted me to go

East on a business trip, and as the offer was a good one, I readily accepted. I found that to complete the business of which I had charge I should have to go through Tennessee. Here was my chance; I would call on Jessie. It would be all right I knew, for she had often expressed a wish that we could meet.

So, on a pleasant afternoon in July I found myself strolling down a shady street in ———. After a short search I found the house I was looking for. It was a cozy little cottage surrounded by a well-kept lawn and a number of large shade trees.

"So this is where my charming Jessie lives," I thought as I walked up the path. "Just the kind of a place I should imagine a girl like her would live."

A neat, Irish maid answered the bell and on my asking if Miss Jones was in she looked so bewildered that I added,

"This is the place where Jessie Jones lives, is it not?"

"Oh," she answers, "It's Jessie yer afther wantin. Come in and be sated."

Soon I heard a voice in the next room say:

"Jessie, there's a gintlemen wants to see you."

I strained my ears to catch the answer which came with a distinctness that made me fairly jump.

"Who, me? Who is the blooming guy, anyway?"

Then a couple of doors banged and a freckled-faced, mischievous looking, boy walked into the room. He stared at me impudently for a minute and then said:

"Well?" I was embarrassed.

"I—er—I think there is some mistake," I stammered. "I—er—asked for Miss Jones."

"There isn't any Miss Jones in this house," he returned. "I guess you're in the right church but the wrong pew. I—say—" a look of recognition overspread his face. "Say, are you Mr. Jack Tyler?" he asked, beginning to grin.

"I am," I answered coldly.

At this he began to laugh; he not only laughed, he fairly howled. I was getting out of patience.

"You little imp, what are you laughing at?" I yelled.

"Oh, Golly!" he gasped, "You're easy. Say isn't Jessie be-u-tiful. Aren't you glad you've met her? Oh! Jupiter. I bet you didn't think she looked like me!"

For a moment I was speechless with wrath and amazement. Finally I blurted out,

"Where did you get that picture?"

He giggled again.

"That's a picture of my aunt that lives in New York. It was taken five years ago, and if you hadn't been so slow you'd seen it was old-fashioned. That's her now."

He pointed to a picture sitting on a stand near by. It was Jessie all right but she had grown stout and her hair, which was no longer curly, was pulled back tightly from her face. I looked about for a full minute then picked up my hat and walked out. Jessie followed me to the door where he said in a mincing voice,

"Oh, Mr. Tyler, I'm so glad we have met at last. You are just like I expected you to be, so handsome and noble." Do call again, won't you?"

Then he banged the door.

One night about a month later we were at the club again. The boys got to joking Weston about his fair love, but strange to say, I remained silent.

Shirley Bock.



OLD DARBIN

(A Character Sketch.)



DARBIN was a character in Wall St. He bought on the decline and sold on the rise. No one had ever known him to lose on his stock gambling. He was reputed to be enormously rich, yet no one ever saw him have any money.

In appearance Darbin was as eccentric as in other matters. His trousers were baggy at the knees. His coat was shiny at the elbows. His shoes were never polished. He wore a greasy felt hat and a made up tie. And, winter and summer, he had always an overcoat, either wearing it or carrying it, and as apt to be carrying it as wearing it, regardless of the season.

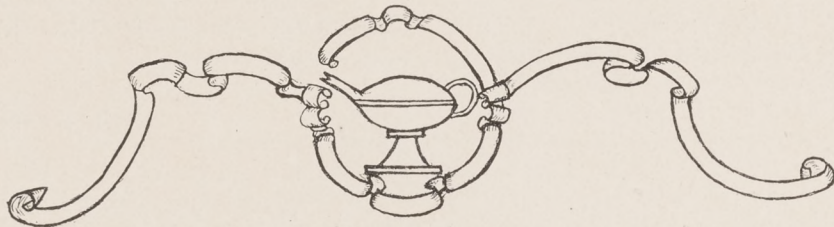
Darbin always took his meals at the best restaurant within a radius of ten blocks of the Exchange, and always had the best which the house afforded, and yet, as we have said, he never passed his check to the cashier, nor had he ever written a check. The waiter stated, when someone asked him about this circumstance, that Darbin had eaten there since he could remember, and that, to the best of his (the waiter's) knowledge, Darbin had never paid the house anything, that the

cashier said he had never paid her anything, but that the manager had given instructions that Darbin should have anything he wanted.

No one knew where Darbin lived. Some thought he lived down on the waterfront in a cave where he had great quantities of gold buried. Others thought that he lived nowhere at all, but passed his nights leaning against the front wall of the Exchange, and this theory was given greater color by the fact that Darbin was always around when the last member left, and always there when the first member came. And besides, he needed to stand in no fear of robbery, for he wore no rings or watch, or other jewelry, and was never seen to have anything in his possession but a little note book, such as is given away at the drug store, advertising Drs. Quack and Foolems' Sure Cure for Warts, Appendicitis, and Brain Fever, etc., and a little stub of pencil, about two inches long.

Darbin's age could no one guess. He appeared to be about five hundred years old, so wrinkled was he, yet his hair was brown and glossy. He might have been Tithonus, living forever, yet always growing older, for within the memory of man, Darbin had always attended the Exchange. So they called him "Old Darbin."

Leroy Brant.



A STRONG HEART



ULLIVAN lay on the mat in the corner of the training quarters shaking with fear and nervousness while he was being rubbed. Dick sat in the other corner laughing and joking with those around him about the race. The coaches standing near were watching the two men. They observed Sullivan's shaking limbs with grave doubts. "If Sullivan only had Dick's heart or Dick Sullivan's speed we would not have to worry," said Smith, the head coach.

It was the day of the field meet between Stanford and California in which Sullivan and Dick Carter were entered for Stanford in the mile run against the best mile runner California had ever owned. The coaches thought that Sullivan could beat this man if he was allowed to set his own pace; so they put in Dick to lead the California man at the fast pace for the first half mile, while Sullivan should take his own pace and save himself for the finish.

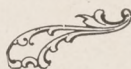
Just then there came the third call for the mile; the coaches gave some final instructions to the men and they were down for the start. At the report of the gun Dick was off like a shot and led the California man at a killing pace as he was told and Sullivan took up an easy pace in the rear of the California man. At the end of the first half Dick was still running hard and the California man was following him very closely. Sullivan was picking up a

little and had passed the other runners but was still quite away behind Dick.

At the last quarter Dick was supposed to drop out and Sullivan was supposed to pick upon the California man, who had been following Dick's hard pace. When Dick reached the post he glanced over his shoulder and saw that Sullivan instead of gaining was running heavily while the California man seemed still strong. Although Dick was not used to the mile and had been running a furious pace, and although he was fighting for breath when he saw the condition that Sullivan was in, he shut his teeth hard and courage sprang into his tired heart. The determination that had always helped him now stood by him. He drove every thought of weariness from his mind and the one thought fixed in his brain was, "I will win."

He fought on for two hundred yards digging his nails into the palms of his hands. The throbbing of his heart sounded like someone pounding his head but still that thought remained. Then they neared the finish. The people were standing in the seats in the grandstand and yelling themselves hoarse but Dick did not hear or see them. He saw a flash of white, under his feet, through his swoolen eyes. He heard the pounding feet and the hissing breath of the runner behind him. Then a black cloud passed over his brain and his mind was blank. When he awoke he found himself in the same corner in the training quarters. The coaches were standing around him and he heard his name called by a thousand voices on the outside.

Percy Peck. '10.



THE HOLD UP



ES Farley, was certainly windy. Some of the fellows who sat around the stove and cracked jokes, told stories, and the like, said Farley was a "hot-air merchant," and he certainly was. When they found any person who had not heard the story about him, they would appoint one of their best talkers, and consequently one of their best liars, to relate the incident they loved so much. The story went something like this, as well as I can remember.

Farley was from Oakland in the first place, and being a real-estate agent he was naturally a good talker. He had come up to this mountain camp for his vacation and had stayed for a couple of months or more, when he received a letter urging him to return immediately owing to business.

The fellows had been talking of the stage hold-ups they had read about in the papers and had related how each had taken part in, or knew some one who had taken part in a hold-up, on the road to the camp. Among these hold-ups they mentioned the attempt at Buckeye Gulch, and also the one at Robber's Rock, which gave the place its name.

The day came for Farley to leave, and bright and early he was waiting for the stage to come around to the Post Office which it eventually did, as this was its starting point. The passengers, amongst whom was our friend Farley soon scrambled to their seats. The luggage and the mail being aboard, the hotel proprietor said that he would like the stage driver to make a deposit in the bank for him when he reached town, and thereupon handed him a sack of money which was placed under the driver's seat for safe keeping.

With a crack of the whip the horses dashed forward down the long winding, dusty road, and after going quite a distance the passengers began to talk among themselves, upon general topics, to pass away the time. The subject at last turned to stage-robbing and then the stage driver said that it wouldn't be lucky for them if they should meet a hold-upman and be obliged to give up the money under the seat. Mr. Farley said that he had no fears whatever regarding such men, as he always carried a good shooting iron with him, and would like to see the fellow who could get the drop on him. Following this, each passenger gave his opinion on what he would do in an emergency.

By this time the stage was approaching Eagle Rock and just as it came bumping and swinging around a sharp turn in the road a voice commanded the driver to halt and all to throw up their hands. The robber man stood behind a huge boulder, with a rifle pointed directly at the occupants of the stage and therefore had them at his mercy. The order was obeyed by all with the exception of Farley. Again the command came in sharp and clear tones, and Farley's hands went up half way. "All the way, you in the rear seat! I'm taking no chances." This had the desired effect, and Farley threw up his hands as far as possible. "Driver! Pass the hat and collect all the sparklers and the stuff from the bunch. Throw out all the valuables you have and do it quick." After this was done, the sack of money was thrown upon the road, the hat placed by it, and the stage started on its way in response to a sharp command, the occupants being ordered not to look back on pain of death.

The highwayman gathered the plunder together and leading out his horse, which he had previously hidden behind some

shrubby, he placed the plunder in a sack and mounted. Putting spurs to his horse he started down the road at a smart gait leaving a trail of dust behind him.

The stage by this time had gone forward much more slowly than before and Mr. Farley was quite overcome by the loss he had sustained and also by fright. He took a good swig at a flask which the stage driver offered him to strengthen his nerves, but it seemed to do no good. Farley's bravery had vanished along with his valuables.

Presently there was heard coming up from behind, the sound of a horse approaching at a full gallop. It came nearer and nearer until, as the rider drew up alongside, they recognized one of the fellows from camp. The stage stopped, and the driver related to the new-comer the facts concerning the robbery and ask-

ed if he had seen the robber. No he had not seen the hold-up man but as there were some things the proprietor of the hotel had forgotten to send along, he had undertaken to catch up with the stage at the next stop and deliver them.

The horseman then handed over the watches, rings and other plunder taken from the passengers, who had known all along that the hold-up was a joke at the expense of poor Farley, and who now had a good laugh at the downfall of his bravery. The bag of money which the proprietor of the hotel had intrusted to the stage driver's care was nothing more than bolts, nails and the like. Mr. Farley was so shaken by his fright and so mortified at his exposure, that upon his arrival in town he could not even eat.

P. L. Keller.

The Rally

There was going to be a Field Meet,
In Petaluma town;
And those who were to enter it
Were the schools from all around.
The Petaluma boys resolved
To have the usual rally:
So to the school on Thursday night
In great numbers they did sally.
They built a little (?) bonfire,
"Did I say little? Yes or NO?"
Well anyway, whichever 'twas
It made an awful glow.
A policeman called Mr. Kyle,
Did see the threatening blaze
And so he rung in the alarm,
The firemen to raise.
Poor Black Bart labored up the hill
To save the place from harm,

But when he reached the glowing spot
It was a false alarm.
Constable Jimmy Sullivan
(Now follows a grewsome tale)
He took our honest Evan
And marched him off to jail.
Mr. Passmore trailed on behind
Shaking in his boots for fear,
But after a consultation
They released our Evan dear (?)
Twenty of Evan's roystering blades
On the morrow went to court,
But were released when they received
A lecture, sweet and short (?)
Thus ended our jolly rally
And we cherred with might and main,
And now we've all decided
To try it once again.

A FRIEND IN NEED



HAVE had quite a wide experience with all kinds of people from all walks of life, yet I never in all my days saw anybody who would quite compare with him. He stalked into the church every Sunday just after the first hymn had been sung, pounding his gold-headed cane along the floor as he went, and seated himself in the very front seat just in front of the pulpit. His appearance alone was startling even if his actions could have been overlooked. He appeared to be about eighty years old, stooped and bent, with long gray hair which fell about his shoulders, and a scraggly gray beard. He always dressed in the most extreme fashions; for instance when green suits were in style he came to church decked out in a regular sea-green suit, a red necktie, tan ties, and blue and yellow plaid socks. Sometimes when I heard him coming I used to pray that he would sit in a back seat and become a little less conspicuous, but my prayer was never answered and I see now that it happened for the best although I must confess I could not have been convinced of this fact at the time. After he had seated himself, he would take a book out of his pocket and read until I commenced my sermon. Then he would re-pocket the book, and, after making a great stir, settle down for a good nap. My one salvation was that he never

snored. His sleep would continue until I called for the offerings and then he always donned his hat and hobbled out. Often I was tempted to ask the sexton to speak to him, but something always prevented.

One day, about six months after this queer character first entered the church I was taken sick. It had been a rather hard year and when the Doctor told me that my only hope of recovery was to take a long vacation. I told him that it was impossible. I was feeling exceptionally blue and discouraged a few days later when I received a letter written in a queer cramped hand. After pondering over the postmark a few moments I opened it and out fell a check for one thousand dollars, together with the following note:

"Dear Sir:—

Enclosed please find mi check fore \$1000. i have heard of your straightened circumstances and want to repay yu for the benefit i have received from yur sermons. take the money and have a good vacation

Yours truly James Brown."

I found out afterward that "James Brown" was no other than the queer man who had always slept through all my sermons, but as I never could find where he lived and as he never entered the church again I have not been able to thank him for the help he gave me at such a critical moment.

Shirley Bock.

There was a young lady named Sid,
Who stepped on some flooring that slid,
She followed the floor
Clear out of the door,
But she stopped good and hard when she
did.

There was a young maiden named Bower,
Who was caught in a bad April shower,
She fell in the mud
With a terrible thud,
And now she is feeling quite sour.

DYE, DOG AND DANNIE



ANNIE wanted a bicycle. He wanted it so badly that a life sans bicycles assumed the blackness of an Ethiopian's complexion raised to the nth power. His more fortunate friends now deserted him and speeding away, left Dannie to bemoan his cruel fate and weary the ears of his parents with oft-repeated pleadings.

Such was the state of affairs when the tempter presented himself at the door, and father and mother Brown being absent, was invited to enter by Dannie and his sister Margaret. He had a winning smile and a pleasant manner and, after hinting vaguely about bicycles among other promised rewards, left the house,—also leaving one hundred bottles of hair-dye in the possession of the unfortunate but delighted Daniel.

The business had to be begun at once so Daniel busily set to work to pack up a few dozen bottles to carry with him, meanwhile rehearsing remembered portions of the speech, which was to convince the hearers of the marvelous powers which the contents of the bottles possessed. Margaret hopped around him offering suggestions, apparently unheard by her brother. Finally he declared everything ready and, to her utter astonishment and delight, condescendingly granted her the remarkable privilege of carrying the bottles. So they set out, Dannie whistling to his dog Tige to follow.

Soon the neat house of Miss Amanda Simms appeared among the trees, and here they stopped. Dannie selected one bottle and knocked at the door. Miss Amanda opened it. Dannie immediately proceeded to enumerate the meritorious qualities of the dye,—“It would change

your red, red hair to a beautiful, glossy black, Miss Amanda,” he concluded. “Horrid boy,” she said, “Get off my doorstep!” this with a terrifying distinctness and emphasis which caused Dannie to flee precipitately. Proceeding along the road, the children were greeted by a man, leaning against a fence, who inquired what their business might be. Thus encouraged, Dannie related his adventures, interrupted by an occasional laugh from the man. This gentleman declined to purchase any of the article in question but, as they were starting on their way, called after them with a laugh, “Why don’t you make that yellow dog a ‘lovely glossy black’ and have him do his part by advertising?” This suggestion was approved by Dannie and, despite the protestations of Margaret, he proceeded to carry it into effect. Tige did not approve of it, however, and barked and bit and jumped and squirmed, but Dannie held him down and, after using nearly four bottles, finished him beautifully, besprinkling himself quite plentifully during the process. When released Tige performed such remarkable evolutions that Margaret, nearly frightened out of her wits, poured the remainder of the dye from the bottle she was holding upon the head of the still-kneeling Dannie. With remorse and tears she attempted to undo the deed and only succeeded in making Dannie’s face a uniform blackness of color, which improved his appearance but little. Showered with reproaches Margaret pleaded to be allowed to return to her own dear home, but this refuge was denied her. “You kin do the sellin’, Mag,” said the boy when they had come to a house, “and I’ll stay at the gate and hold the dog.” Tige had been running in the sunshine for a while and his coat had dried. The children now noticed that he had

changed to a beautiful brilliant blue. "Guess I had betted keep him away from the house," Dannie remarked ruefully. Margaret timidly tapped on the door and a little woman appeared, who, after greeting the girl, peered nearsightedly at the gate where the boy and dog were waiting. "Yes, it is," she cried, running toward Dannie, "It is that rascal, Thomas Jefferson Jones, and he's got something tied up in my blue apron that he's trying to hide, too, the little thief!" and she seized Dannie who was oblivious to his surroundings being plunged into blissful dreams of new and shining bicycles. "I'll fix you for stealing my umbrella—and my pies—and my rubbers—and a dozen other things!"—giving him a little shake for each of the articles mentioned and a collection of little shakes for the "dozen other things." So was the unfortunate one seized and hurried to a horse and wagon near by in readiness for a trip to town, and too dazed for resistance was made to climb up into the wagon. The lady whipped up the horse and they drove away, she threatening that "Mister Mason would see to him and he knew what to do with bad, wicked boys." This remark left Dannie in such an abject state of terror that he quite forgot poor Margaret, who ran home screaming, accompanied by Tige, otherwise the "blue apron" in a remarkable state of activity.

A few hours later the Brown home was the scene of a tumultuous gathering. The weeping Maggie had returned and had just related to her mother the startling events which had taken place, when the dignitaries of the town arrived, conducting hither the near-sighted lady, who refused to be convinced that Dannie was not what he seemed, these accompanied by certain curious and idle persons who wished to see the end of the affair. Mrs. Brown calmly asked all to be seated, explained the mystery, and soothed the much excited little lady, having dispatched Dannie to the kitchen, whither he departed with muttered imprecations on men who made you sell old hair-dye and old ladies who couldn't see an elephant an inch away from their noses.

There Maggie found him at the sink, endeavoring to modify his hue, and dancing around him shrieked with delight. "Must have gone crazy from the dye," thought the poor boy scrubbing away at his face. "Guess, guess, guess what papa's brought from town," she cried with a wave of her hand toward the open door. Doubt and joy chased each other in rapid succession across his dark blue countenance,—and joy at last remained. He dashed to the door with the shout, "A bike!"

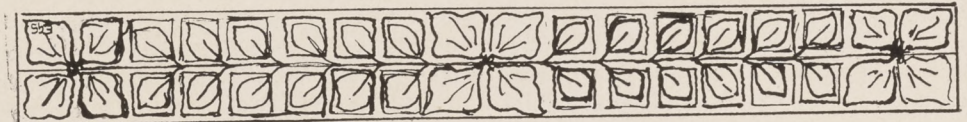
Emma Saline. '10.

AT FARCE PRACTICE.

Alice: "Oh, pshaw, Percy, that's no good. You left out the best part of all."

Percy: "Did I? Let's do it all over again."

So they commenced again and the practice was satisfactory. (Note.—The speech omitted was, "Good-bye, sweet-heart, if I should not return, etc.") Nuf sed!



THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT



HAD known Egan for a long time. I had dandled him on my knee when he was still in his long dresses. Later I taught him to fish, and made bows and arrows for him.

He as a child was rather brighter than the ordinary run of children. His mind was of a phisosophical turn. I remember, when he was a small boy, his asking me what the trees were made for. When I told him water and soil and air he wanted to know what made them grow; I told him God, and asked him if he would like to know how to make a tree grow. He said no, and when I asked him why not, he said, "Because Dod don't lant me to."

As a schoolboy he was the delight of his teachers. He would find more different botanical specimens than any two other boys. He was one of the best speakers in school, and was bright in all his studies. But now a great curiosity had taken possession of him. He wanted to know the why or the wherefore of everything. He could not see why the divine spark could not be introduced into the inanimate frame. He could not see why the hand which made the delicate parts of the watch could not also fashion the delicate parts of a seed, and make it grow. A spirit of unrest constantly dominated him.

In this frame of mind he went through High School, and entered college. I did not see much of him then, but the reports of him were gratifying, and I once read his name coupled with that of a man famous for physchological research. He graduated from college with honors, and returned home.

He told me that he was engaged, and, of course, to the dearest girl on earth. She

and her family were on the way to the coast. The overland train passed through our town and they were to stop off for a few hours; would I come up and see them? I went up. The girl was pretty and dashing, but, I thought not good enough for Egan. However, since I had no desire for a broken head, I did not tell him so. Egan told me, confidentially, that they were to be married in a year. Meanwhile he was to go on a lecturing tour, lecturing on physchological subjects. He would also be on the lookout for a site for that Eden which would come later.

After an eight month's tour Egan returned to prepare for the wedding. He had found the ideal location for his Eden. One day I went up to talk about his plans for the future, and found him greatly excited. He was, he said, on the brink of a great discovery, but would not tell me about it; neither would he talk about anything else, so I soon left. The next day I received a note with this legend—"Eureka."

When I had returned home the previous evening I had been taken with a severe illness which kept me in bed two weeks, and I was therefore not able to see Egan, neither could he see me, for the doctors forbade it. But the first day I was able to be out I went to his home. He was not in. The next day, and the next day I went, with the same result. I thought it very strange that it should be so; it seemed almost as if Egan were avoiding me, and I resolved if this were the case, that he should not be troubled with my presence.

One day about a week after this, I was sitting in a restaurant, and I saw Egan come in. I was in a sort of alcove, so he did not see me. The waiter seated him a short distance from me. Almost involuntarily I emitted a little whistle, a signal

which he and I had used when he was a boy. He started, but did not at first turn. I saw that his nails were cutting into the flesh of his hands; then he relaxed, and turning around, looked me full in the eye, then breathed a deep "Thank God!" and came and sat down by me.

"Bryce, forgive me for the way I've treated you," he said, "but I've had great provocation, though none of your making."

"What's the matter, Egan?" I asked.

"I can't tell you, only that a curse is come upon me. I have been too ambitious, and am paying for it now."

And that was all I could get out of him. His face was haggard, with great circles around his eyes. At the age of twenty-five his hair was silvering. Surely a curse was indeed come upon him, to have changed him so in three short weeks.

I saw nothing of Egan after that. Then one morning the papers were full of the account of his suicide. He had bound a wire to either hand, and turned on an electric current. There were many conjectures as to his reasons, but none plausible.

The same afternoon a letter was brought me, addressed in the dead man's handwriting.

"My dear Bryce," it read, "you will wonder why I did it. Bryce, would a man be justified in trying to escape from hell? Hell could hold no worse torments than I am suffering.

"While at college I picked up a trail which I thought would lead to something unusual, what, I did not conceive. You remember the day you were here and I told you I was about to make a discovery. Even then I did not realize what it was. After you left I took the final step. I had in my hand a great and heretofore unknown power. I could tell anyone's inmost thoughts, motives, and purposes by merely looking at him. I was in high glee. I summoned a servant whom I suspected of dishonesty. I immediately knew that he had a silver matchbox of mine in his pocket. I charged him with it, and he confessed. After that I called my own valet. It was something of a shock to know that he had appropriated a handful of loose change from one of my pockets. I went into the street and met one after another of my old friends. I would not pen the things of which I knew them guilty. The curse of the thing now showed itself. I had this great power. **I could not rid myself of it.**

"You remember the day I met you in the restaurant? You now see why I acted as I did. It was a taste of heaven to meet a true friend. After seeing you, I felt better, and thought perhaps I had taken things too seriously. I made up my mind to visit her whom I was to marry. I went. God help me! I cannot tell the rest!

"Do not condemn, but pity me, and good-bye."

Le Roy Brant.

Peck's behavior varies inversely as the square of the distance from the nearest girl.

E. S.: "I like rainy weather, don't you?"

M. H.: "Oh, no, I like 'Sunshine.'"

Bill: "Are you a Senior?"

John: "Yes. Why?"

Bill: "I hadn't Senior pin."

Mr. P. (exhibiting specimens of metals)
"What is the name of this metal?"

Edward L. "Alimony."



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE "SENIOR CLASS"



E, the Senior Class of the Petaluma High School, of the township of Petaluma, and State of California, being of sound mind and in a state of

perfect health, do make

and publish this, our last will and testament in manner and form following:

(1) It is our will that our graduation to be conducted with all formality, pomp, parade and ostentation possible, and that the expense thereof, together with all our just debts, be fully paid by our parents.

(2) We give, devise and bequeath to the Petaluma High School, in lieu of keeping us another year, if it so elect, the seats in the study hall which we have occupied for the past year; And all the books contained in the school library; And all the hooks on which we have hung our hats for the past year; Also, that the aforesaid school shall hold these things forever.

Further, we desire that the bust of Julius Caesar, situated in the upper left hand corner of the study hall facing the seats be held in high esteem throughout its natural life. After its death, we desire that it be buried with all the pomp and ceremony due so great a man.

(3) We give and devise to the faculty, for the term of their natural life, the positions which they now hold. We give and devise to Mr. Pond, the janitor, the position he now holds for as long a term as he wishes.

(4) We give and devise to the class of 1911, the seats which we now occupy; Also we give this class the problems in Physics and Trigonometry which were so hard

for us. And at their graduation, we give the seats to the next Junior Class, and so on forever.

(5) We give and devise to the class of 1912, in order that they may be always punctual, the clocks with which the school is provided.

(6) We give, devise and bequeath to the class of 1913, as they seem to be a cold-blooded lot all the stoves in the school and all things appertaining thereto.

(7) We give and devise to the class of 1914, in order that they may be tidy throughout their term in High School, the waste paper baskets with which the school is provided.

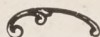
And, last, we hereby constitute and appoint the said principal, Irvin Passmore, and said teacher, Emma F. Daniel, to be the executor and executrix of this our last will and testament, revoking and annulling all former wills by us made and ratifying and confirming this and no other, to be our last will and testament.

"SENIOR CLASS."

Signed, published and declared by the above named Senior Class as and for its last will and testament, in presence of me, a notary public in and for the Petaluma High School, township of Petaluma, County of Sonoma, State of California, who, at their request, have signed as witness to the same.

Virgil G. Skinner.

Signed and sealed this 26th day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ten.



CLASS HISTORY



OUR short years ago we began our daily pilgrimage up the hill to the High School. There were thirty of us who took the four year course, a band of noisy Freshmen, caring more for fun than hard study. We were called green, but there is one consolation in knowing that each Freshman Class gets a worse reputation than the last in that respect.

We journeyed along quite peacefully, if you overlook all the slams and duckings a Freshman has to encounter, until one awful day when a meeting of the Junior and Freshman Classes was called in the History room. We knew by the smiling countenances of our neighbors, the Sophomores, that something was up, and it was with trembling limbs and fast-beating hearts that we adjourned to the room assigned, to await what might come. Most of the classes have had experiences similar to our own, so it is not necessary to go into the details of the meeting. Perhaps some of the "Sophies" who hid in the closet or on the fire escape can tell you all you wish to know. It sufficeth to say we came out of that room some hours after a wiser, if a sadder lot of Freshmen.

After this little experience we traveled along remarkably well until Christmas. Then a few more joined our company, while others dropped out.

On the evening of February 1 we were entertained by the class of '09 in Woodmen Hall. According to the Sophomore Class "it was a pretty sight to see the little Freshmen in their short frocks and knee trousers tripping the light fantastic while those not so inclined played hide-and-go-seek or drop the handkerchief." Person-

ally I have no recollection of the "handkerchief" or "hide-and-seek." Perhaps the Sophomores were thinking of the time they were entertained.

During the year Miss Daniel, was was a Freshman with us, took the Physical Geography class on several outings, once to the rock crusher west of town and once to Clay hill, that wonderful spot that adds so much to the beauty of our city.

We came back the second year a smaller band, but proud of the fact that our Freshman days were forever over. We had changed our class name to Sophomores, and left our old title to the queer lot of children we found standing around under our feet when we came back. We missed the dignified Seniors of the year before, and could not understand why the old Junior class, who took their places, felt so big just because they could call themselves "The Seniors." We now numbered thirty-three, only twenty-four of whom started with us in 1906.

It was our privilege this year to give a reception to the Freshmen, and we set to work in earnest. A number of pie and candy sales were held in the High School in order to help us out. These sales are what made our class so famous. The reception was given on January 17, in the Unique Theatre. The Seniors were entertained elsewhere that evening, but came in late. They gazed in scorn at our merry little party and when asked if the reception was a success they remarked "Oh, we did not come till late, but the children seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. The decorations were all down. They must have thought they were to play with." The "children" did enjoy themselves, and the decorations were taken down perhaps because we knew the Sen-

iors would do this work if we did not.

In the Spring we so far forgot our Sophomore dignity as to condescend to go to Whitney Falls with the Freshman Class. We started early in the morning and spent the day in exploring the vicinity of the falls. About noon we enjoyed a picnic-dinner. The Freshmen didn't bother us very much that day, and it was a jolly crowd that reached town late in the evening.

There were only twenty-six when we came back in August, 1908. Our number was decreasing, but our knowledge increased in proportion. We missed our former principal, Mr. Newell, but are now able to appreciate the skill with which Mr. Passmore has filled his place. Another new teacher, Miss Sweed, was added to the faculty this year. She took charge of the German Classes, and all who have had her as a teacher count themselves fortunate.

About the first thing we did that was worthy of mention was to organize the Freshman Class. This we did with such thoroughness that I think the present Sophomores will never forget it.

Later on in the year Miss Sweed organized a German Singing Club for her German Class. Those of our number who took German were delightfully entertained at her home. The Club met about once a month after it was organized, and the evenings were spent in singing German songs, telling jokes, and listening to interesting talks on travels in Germany.

Miss Daniel took a number of the Class on a little trip to Mount Tamalpais. Miss Sweed accompanied the party, and she and some of the rest of the party climbed to the summit of the mountain. The rest thought it best to wait for a train which would take them to the top. It was a long wait and they were able to explore a part of Mill Valley before they had to start. On reaching the summit the party got together again and walked around in order that they might take in the beautiful view of the surrounding country. In the after-

noon they walked back to San Anselmo and took the train for home.

On June 11 we gave a farewell reception to the Class of '09 in the Social Club Hall. We had taken a great deal of pains and the hall was artistically decorated with crepe paper and greenery. We only hope that those we entertained had as good a time as their entertainers.

So the years flew by. It had been short but full of enjoyment.

What a small company there were when we came back the last year of our High School life! There were only eleven left of the thirty that had started in 1906. The rest of the class were those who had started after us, or the year before. But we all called ourselves "Seniors" and have learned to be proud to bear the name.

We found a change in the faculty. A new teacher was added, Miss Street, now a teacher in the Petaluma Grammar School, took charge of the new Drawing Department until a permanent teacher could be secured. After much trouble we had the good fortune to secure Miss Prutzman, who has charge of this Department as well as of a few of the classes in English.

Early in the year we began to realize that the task of the Seniors in publishing the Enterprise was one requiring hard work and deep thought. We continued our candy sales, and on April 15, with the kind assistance of Mr. Jones and some of the teachers we were able to present a farce, "The Freshman."

After Christmas Miss Perkins, our English teacher, took a number of our class to San Francisco to see "Macbeth" played. We were studying the play in connection with our English course, and those who went returned with reports of an evening very profitably and enjoyably spent.

Somehow or other the years have rolled quickly and happily away, and we feel that we have profited much during our short stay under the guidance of the teachers of Petaluma High.

Mary Menary.

THE FRESHMAN



F ever faithful earnest work deserved success, the cast which on April 15, presented the little college play, "The Freshman," deserved the complete success which they won. It is almost an unprecedented occurrence that in six weeks of practice, with rehearsals three times a week and a cast numbering eleven, there should be not a single rehearsal without the full quota of members. Such a record as this meant at times personal loss and inconvenience, yet none of those who sacrificed most ever complained. Their success, financially and dramatically, was in proportion to this faithful effort. The amount cleared to be used in the publication of the school paper, testifies to the one, and the continual laughter and applause of the audience testified to the other.

The story of the play runs as follows:

On the very day of his arrival at Lakeville University, John Worden falls into the not too tender clutches of three of those Lords of Creation, the Sophomores. The quiet humor with which he regards their attempts to overawe him, combined with the spirited retorts to which he occasionally gives vent when pressed too far, determine them to "cure" him. The old colored janitor of the University who appears just then with a wheelbarrow and bricks to repair a broken walk, suggests to the mischief-loving boys the method by which the cure is to be accomplished—and presto! John Worden, heir to millions, becomes John Worden, Bricklayer. Their plan at first seems to succeed beyond their wildest hopes. Taunted by the boys, sneered at by two of the pretty girls of the college town, snubbed even by his "board-

ing-house lady's daughter" and mercilessly teased by Mary Lock, the belle of the University, who alone has the quick wit to recognize the gentleman under the disguise, the young Freshman's position is a difficult one, though rendered easier by his keen sense of the humor of the situation. BUT

"The best laid schemes of mice and men—Gang aft agley," even when the men are high and mighty Sophomores. With, it must be confessed, a lightning rapidity, the little coquette who has been amusing herself with the boy loses her heart to him in the process, defends him loyally before a houseful of guests, and later aids him to escape from a room in which he has been confined and warn the other Freshmen of an interclass rush. The learned Prof. Locke, her father, has always been gravely courteous to the young fellow, even though condemning his lack of interest in mathematics; and in the end the Sophomores themselves, in manly fashion, won, not by the fact of a premature announcement of his wealth and position, but by his pluck and the "game fight he puts up," give him a hearty cheer. When the curtain falls, the Freshman has "come to his own again"—and something more.

A very pretty scene was that in the garden at Professor Locke's home. The gay young college fellows, the dainty little hostess, and her attractive girl friends, made a picture to which the fatherly old Professor, with Griggs, his most promising pupil, was a pleasant background. It was in this scene that the somewhat explosive entrance of "Violet" on all fours, so to speak, brought down the house, figuratively if not literally. The climax of fun, pure and simple, was perhaps reached when Percy Peck, as John Worden, was squeezed into a girl's skirt and cloak and

decorated with an elaborate pink scarf, contrived to look uncompromisingly masculine in spite of all.

The parts were all well taken. Percy Peck was an admirably convincing John Worden throughout, and Alice Dovey was equally good as Mary Locke. Marion Partridge was so completely "Violet" as to astonish all who knew her as she really is. Herman Raymaker, the old negro, who disapproved of bricklayers, Clifford Allen the old-school Professor Locke, Lorene Meyers, who was Judith Blair, the President's daughter, and Addie Davies, the blue-blooded and affected Miss Porter have all proved their ability in other farces and entirely lived up to their previous reputation. The different types of college fellows, McGrath, the athlete, Griggs, the "grind," Jerome and Stevens whose major course in college was "the girls," and who only occasionally elected something in mathematics or science, were all very well-portrayed by the four boys who took the parts—Arthur Pur-

vine, Virgil Skinner, Warren Early and Will Loftus.

Preceding the farce was a curtain-raiser, "That Blessed Baby." The members of the cast, Pierce Cromwell and Shirley Bock, were as faithful at rehearsals as the others, though they were not put to quite so severe a test, as practice on the curtain raiser did not begin until some while after the main farce had been started. They were also as successful in their representation, and the gale of merriment in which they left the audience augured well for the appreciative and enthusiastic reception to be accorded to whatever should follow them.

Miss Perkins.

In writing the above Miss Perkins does not mention the part she played in the production of "The Freshman." We cannot begin in this small space to express our thanks to her, Miss Sweed, and Mr. Jones; for without their earnest help the play would not have been a success.

Edt.

Meet in S. F. in Brief

Meet in Frisco
In door,
Small track,
Slippery floor.
Petaluma
Crack team,
Fast bunch,
Much steam.
One point
Mile run,
Fast pace,
No fun.
One point
Half mile,

Classy race
Much style.
Two twenty,
Third place,
Two points,
No disgrace.
Relay
Hard chase,
Petaluma
Fourth place.
We won
Six points,
All stayed
At different joints.

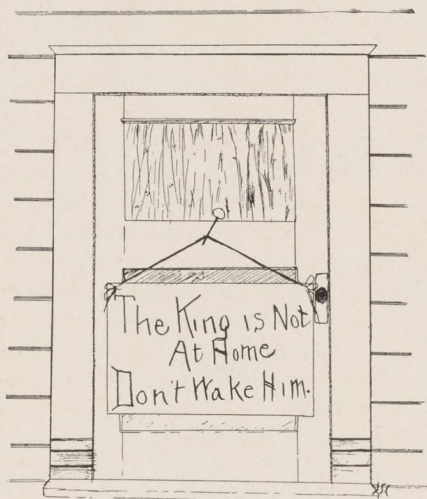


A MODERN FABLE

OR WHAT'S IN THE AIR, WHAT PUT IT THERE, WHAT WILL WE DO WITH IT?



OW it came to pass in those days that the King of the Hill Country became weary and fell asleep. He had graced the Portola Festival with his presence and had been so jammed about by the Carnival crowds, and so wearied by the tooting of horns and the throwing of confetti that he refused to partake of rood and sought his couch, and told his chief servant to hang out the sign saying he was not at home.



But his sleep was troubled for he dreamed dreams. He sat up in bed and pressed a button on the head board and his obedient servant who was in the hall entered and bowed low. "Does my lord, the King, desire anything?" he said.

"Yes," replied the King, who was much troubled. "I would have you call before

me at once ten of the wisest of my counsellors, for I have need of them."

And in less time than it takes to tell it the King's wise men were there, for when the King spoke things had to move. It chanced at one time that the King had temporarily removed the head of one of his servants who moved about with the speed of a rheumatic snail, and ever after those who served him found it convenient to move at once and not be found twice in the same spot two seconds in succession.

"What doth the King desire that we should do?" they said in chorus.

"I have just had a dream," replied the King, "and dreamed that I was being crushed beneath a mighty steam roller and smothered in a sea of bright red and yellow paper cut into marvelous fineness. I saw a mighty dragon wriggling down the street, and fireworks and great crowds. This I understood for I remembered the great crowds which hemmed me in and pressed upon me till I was flat, and threw confetti in my face till I could with difficulty see anything at all. The other things I saw in the parade. But I gasped for want of breath, and when I awoke I found myself holding my nose with both my hands. I have therefore called you, my most learned magicians and readers of signs, to tell me the meaning of this last act of my dream."

Now they were wise men and knew several things at once for they had read the daily papers of the capital, three in number, and they said in chorus, "It was caused by an earthquake!"

But the King took this to be a prophecy instead of an explanation, and he became

sore afraid and called out, "When will it come to pass, and how can I escape now that my airship is in the repair shop?"

And they replied, "Cheer up, oh King, for the worst is yet to come!" And they gave him a gumbrop such as Dr. Cook took with him to the North Pole, and he was soothed so that he bade them tell him the whole story. So they began at the first and went even unto the last sentence of the sad and painful narrative.

"My lord, the King," said each man by himself and then in chorus, "your troubles have just begun. But fear not, you will live through most of them and will soon be the 'noblest Roman of them all.'"

"Good news, indeed," said the King, but what about the earthquake? Say on!"

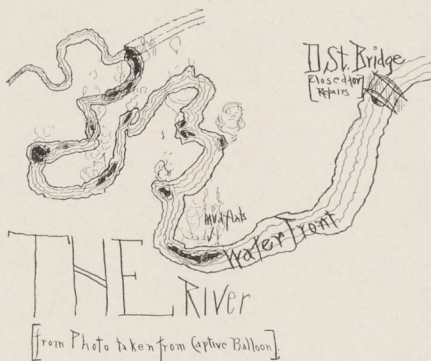
"That comes in the next chapter," said the wise men, "but we will tell it to you now. There was once a mighty shaking of the ground throughout the length and breadth of thy kingdom and the kingdoms to the north and the south, and many cities fell. Some cities lost their City Hall and others lost their Court House, but they got even greater and more expensive ones in their stead so that the Grand Jury complained bitterly about the waste of public money. But thy city, O King, was built upon a rock, and it shook some, but not much. And the fame thereof spread abroad and came even to the ears of those who made wine. And they said, "Let us look into this matter a little for peradventure we may find a location for our tanks, and our casks and our cellars." So it came to pass that the makers of wine sent their president and secretary and the Office Boy and others in high authority to look into the matter and report to them."

"Perhaps you have the right of the case," said the King, "but what has that to do with my tight grip on my nose?"

"Why," said the wise men, "this comes in a later chapter and as there are only twenty-three chapters to this story we trust you will with patience hear us to the end."

So the King ordered his chief cook to prepare food for His Royal Highness and those that were with him for he knew that it was hard either to talk or to listen, and when they had partaken of food the King bade them say on.

"Now the president and the secretary and the Office Boy and the others reported that the City of Little Hills was built upon a rock so that it could not be moved. 'And besides,' they said in their written report, 'they have a river running through the midst of the city as have most other places of renown, and into it can we dump the portions of the grape and the acid and the many other things we don't want and they will float down the stream a little and bury themselves in the mud and we will be rid of them. Besides, the people there

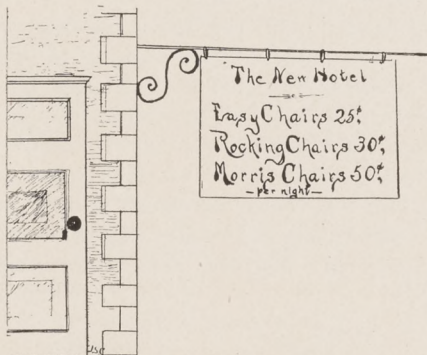


are 'easy' and will not know what has happened to them.' And so, O King, they brought brick and mortar and shovels and things and built large sheds wherein they stored the fruit of the vine, but that which was of bad odor they poured into the headwaters of the great river.

"And when the rains ceased in the springtime it became scorching hot and the floods no longer flushed out the great expanse along the water front it came to pass that strange odors arose from the sand bars and the mud flats so that those who "Stood on the Bridge at Midnight" had to move on with all haste, and did their standing far out on the Hillside Tract

where there was much wind and of a better variety.

"And the odors grew and waxed exceedingly strong so that in the middle of the night when all was still and the night watches were sleeping sweetly on their beats, they would break into even a safe and make things green with their foulness. And the people could not sleep, and so they



sat up and devised 'Kicks' which they registered with the City Dads when they arose in the early morning. And the Lodging Houses were for rent, for no one would pay \$1.00 per night for a couch upon which to stay awake. A chair down town was cheaper and more comfortable. And they each knew what caused this breaking of their sleep, and they did announce their thoughts to all who came near. And many 'took their pen in hand' and wrote long speeches for the daily papers.

"Now, O King, there were in that city about six thousand souls, save a few who were at Eagle Nest for the summer, and when the City Fathers had collected and labelled and classified all the "kicks" it was found that there were just five thousand and nine hundred and ninety-eight different reasons assigned for the trouble.

"Some believed that some of the fishing smacks had stayed too long in port. Some thought that the Santa Rosa gas had found openings in the new asphaltum pavements and was making this city a "wilderness of woe." And behold, their conclusions were not half bad for that is what the gas

would do did it but have the opportunity. For do they not use this same gas to heat incubators, and do the chicks not cry, 'Enough! Enough! turn off the gas and we'll come out! We can stand it no longer!'"

"Some laid the blame on a school of carp which came up the river in search of sport. Now, this was also wise reasoning, for it was the wont of the tiny carp to burrow in the mire, and if in his burrowing he came across many noxious odors which he set at liberty to permeate the night air was it not well? Is it not better that the unholy odors be used up in our day and generation rather than that they should be kept to torment those who are to come after us?

"And others laid the blame on the sewage which entered the stream at every street. The height of folly! What a mistake! Even the Boards of Health of ages past had arrived at this same impossible conclusion. Had it not been shown, and did not every one know without being shown, (for we came not from Missouri,) that sewage transported in old wooden troughs and dumped into a stream at low tide had no odor whatever, and therefore could impart none to the atmosphere?



Library of the City Trustees.

"And others said they had 'grave suspicions' that the seat of the trouble could be found at the back door of the winery. But here, O King, was where the men who

made wine had things to say. They rose up and made speeches that convinced even the speakers themselves that they were right, and they showed that there was no such thing as a foul odor anywhere about the place, that a tiny babe might rest in peace in the health-giving breezes which fanned the back door of their establishment. And thus did they bluff the City for a long time, O King, and prove what their committee said at first that 'the people were 'easy.' "

"But what has that to do with my dream?" exclaimed the King.

"That's where you are wrong, O King," they at last were brave enough to say, "it was no dream, it was a sad reality. And what is worse, O King, the end it not yet, but it is on the road, for just today one of the City Fathers took his life in one hand and a bottle in the other and gathered up some of the foulness that the winery did dump out, and behold, it was as black as night and the odor thereof was worse than can be described in a chaste vocabulary. And he has proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that the whole trouble lies in the refuse from the place where they squeeze the tiny grape and make money by so doing. So he has given a clean bill of health to the carp, and the sewers, and the schooners of every kind which float upon the waters of the Bay, and to all others of the five thousand nine hundred ninety-eight reasons given by the hordes who suffered from insomnia by reason of the effluvia."

"But what is to be done about it?" roared the King. "A man should be hung if he is found guilty of distributing odors like that or even of having the same in his possession!"

"You are right, as usual, O King, but until it is made a crime for people to continue to breathe such foulness they will 'kick' about it but will do nothing worse and the unnameable and indescribable odors will continue to arise until there is no money in the making of them."

"You are truly wise men, and I have a notion to do something. Take your fountain pen in hand and write down the edict of your king: 'From this time forth it shall be a crime punishable with death for anyone to breathe any of the five thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight odors which arise from the going down of the sun even unto the rising again thereof.'"

"But can you not make special mention of those who make the odors to arise?"

"Let it be done," said the King. "Add the following to what has already been written: 'And anyone who shall engage in the manufacture of the above-mentioned indescribable odors shall be compelled to keep the same for his own personal consumption.' "

"That means death to the manufacturer, O King."

"I know it, but is it not better to have a man dispose of himself thus quickly with the things which he himself makes rather than to endure the long delay of courts? Besides, the end would be sure and would at no time be in doubt."

"But the City Fathers are going to do something. A great ditch is to be dug so that the odors from the winery will not mingle with those of the rest of the city except in the realm of the air, and we will have our odors segregated and classified so that we can tell which is which and may know to a certainty what we are getting."

"But will that help much?" inquired the King.

"No, not much," replied the wise men, "but still it will help some to be able to tell just what odor is afflicting us."

"Yes," said the King, "it is a satisfaction. Now which one of the five thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight odors is that which has just burst into my chambers with such force?"

But the wise men were wise and they had made themselves scarce.

A. B. W.



THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE
PETALUMA HIGH SCHOOL
PRICE 25 CENTS

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Another year has passed by, and with it another volume of the Enterprise is completed. We have earnestly endeavored to live up to the high standard set by our predecessors, and to make this issue worth while. How well we have succeeded is left for others to say. We sincerely wish to thank all those who have in any way helped us in the publication of this paper. It matters not whether the help has been with drawings, stories, joshes, articles, or

with the typewriter. Not all the material has been accepted, but it was nevertheless appreciated, and it has all aided in one purpose, that of publishing a paper that is worth while. We can only hope, as we put forth this Enterprise, that our work has not been in vain, and that the ensuing classes will take up the paper where we leave it and carry it on with renewed zeal, keeping the same end in view.



We Need A New School

A new High School would benefit Petaluma more than any other one thing the people could do. An up-to-date, modern building would attract many desirable families to town who have children of the school age, whereas one look at our present building would make them decide against Petaluma as a home. It is these families with sons and daughters that Petaluma wishes to have, and this is the only way that we can obtain them.

The present building was erected twenty-two years ago and was only intended to accommodate about fifty pupils. As the enrollment grew larger from year to year the building was enlarged and new rooms added until every available space was used and some of the classes crowded into the halls. The assembly hall, which was at first up-stairs, was moved to the first floor, where two rooms have been joined to make one. In this way the school-board and faculty have managed, but now something must be done.

The Commercial Department consisting of about seventy-two pupils is crowded into one room where Mr. Way has to teach arithmetic or shorthand when he can be heard above the noise of the typewriters. The pupils in the Assembly Hall are compelled to sit two in a seat, instead of one, and study. If the entering class is as large this year as it has been for many years past they will have to sit three in a seat. The halls have been divided into recitation rooms and if any more room is needed we will have to move into the cellar or garret. So you see something must be done.

Petaluma High now ranks as one of the largest schools in the State, the present enrollment being over two hundred. But the High School building ranks toward the other end of the list of one hundred and sixty-four school buildings in the State. It is poorly equipped, and does not in any

way represent the flourishing city of Petaluma. The tax payers should be willing to build a new school building for the growing citizens, for in case of fire in this old building with wooden fire escapes the responsibility rests upon you.



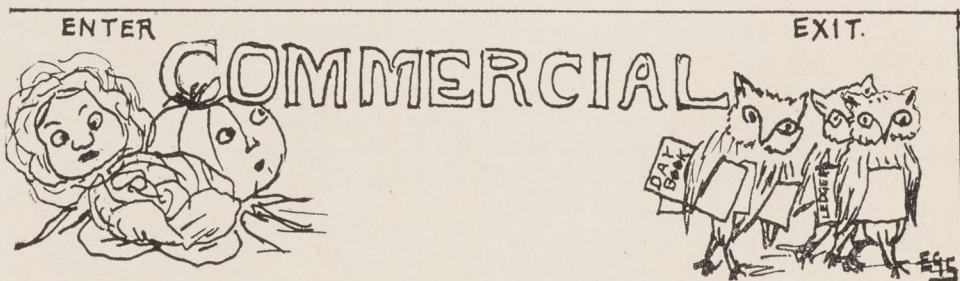
Track

What is the matter with our athletics? We have always claimed that if we had a place to train we could win the A. A. L., but now we have the track. There is plenty of good material in the school if it could only be developed. If we should elect our track captain semi-annually, that is, just after each meet of the North-Western, we could arouse more spirit in the school and get more men out for track.



Farewell of 1910

Commencement is here again and the Seniors of 1910 must bid their teachers, friends, and classmates farewell. For four short years we have worked earnestly for this day, yet now that we have obtained it, it does not hold such joy as we expected. We have become so accustomed to take our places in the Assembly Hall or Laboratory; to meet in our respective class rooms for recitations or to discuss numerous questions arising in the school; that it will seem strange not to be a part of dear old Petaluma High. As Alumni many of us will visit the school but everything will be changed. Strangers will occupy seats that we were accustomed to fill. Our school days are over. Some of us may go to college, but never again will the Class of 1910 assemble, bearing the same relations to school, faculty, and fellow-students. We can only treasure loving remembrances of those whom we leave behind us. Farewell!



WE have now come to another Commencement and the Commercial Department of the Petaluma High School is proud to say that it has broken a record; there are to be some BOY graduates. In the last six years there has been but one Boy graduate, Carl Behrens, who graduated three years ago, but it is a pleasure to state that the High School can look forward to some more Boy graduates, if the present state of affairs continues, owing to the large proportion of the Freshman Class who have already commenced on their commercial subjects.

The Commercial Department now has to its credit, the largest enrollment in the history of the school. The total number now registered is seventy-two, of which amount twenty-one are boys. The school as a whole, has shown an increase of attendance, as the total enrollment is 206, being more than can be accommodated in our humble quarters.

Another thing that the citizens of our city, as well as the High School, can feel proud of, is the recognition of work performed by the Commercial Department and exhibited at the State Fair, Alaska-Yukon Exhibition, and the Petaluma Poultry Fair. If the work were not a little different, and possibly better than other competitors, we would not have received the praise given us.

We have for manifolding a Rotary Neostyle and an Edison Mimeograph, and type-writing is done on both Remington and

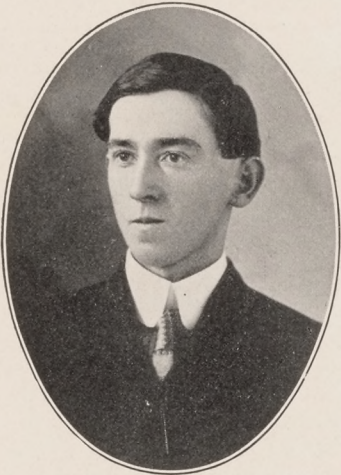
Smith Premier machines, these being all blind machines, there being no visibles in this department as yet. The same system of shorthand is being taught that has been in use heretofore, namely; Day's Shorthand, which is the Pitman system of shorthand as modified by Graham.

It is the opinion of the Commercial Class, that if a person has little hopes of going to higher institutions of learning; as to college or to a university, after having successfully acquired all the knowledge offered by the high school; or if the individual can only attend a high school for a short time, the best and most useful course for one who determines to make the most of his opportunities is the Commercial Course. One argument in its favor is that a Commercial Course gives the young man or young lady an opportunity to go into the business world at least partly equipped for the struggle to achieve.

Some students among our number have taken what is known as the four year Commercial Course, which is a combination of Regular and Commercial subjects. By taking this course you are practically killing two birds with one stone; getting a diploma and the privileges of a graduate of the Regular Course, such as entrance to the university and if your work at High warrants, the graduate may expect recommendation.

There are three members who graduate this year from the four year course who have availed themselves of these privileges. They are:

Mary Menary, Marion Partridge, Will Barth.



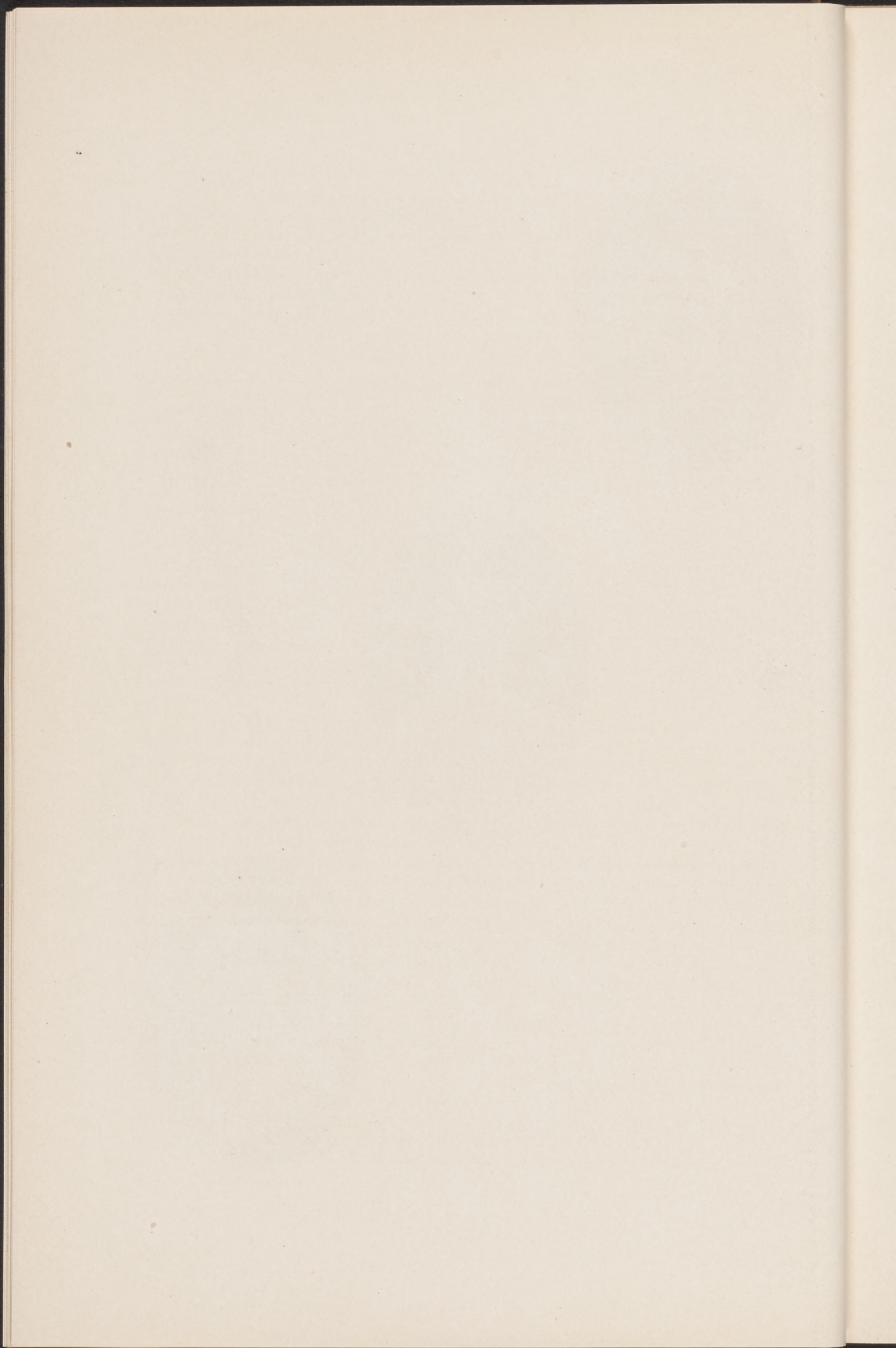
Frank McClennan



Louise Filippini



Philip Keller



P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '10

In the two year Commercial Course we have three graduates. They are:

Frank McClellan, Phillip Keller and Louise Filippini.

Through thorough and patient instruction, and gentle but firm chiding, (greater degree of severity, as case warrants,) our instructor, Mr. A. B. Way, has endeavored to his best ability to make the students of the Commercial Department familiar with and capable of discharging the duties attached to business life.

If some students fail, it is not so much lack of instruction, as a great many people would have us believe, but lack of energy, of stick-to-it-iveness. In other words failure is due largely to laziness, and there is a great deal too much laziness manifested on every side. There are more men who rust to death than are worked to death.

Of course the student may say, "We should have modern and up-to-date tools

to work with if we are to meet the requirements of modern business." This is certainly true. Here lies one of the excuses and a good one, that can be brought forward by all who operate the typewriters of our department. Why? Because most of the machines are antique, and current report has it that they are among the possible candidates for the Dime Museum. But people must not judge us by our faults, but by our virtues, but if faults exist, there should be some attempt at remedying the same.

May we not look therefore, for a betterment of conditions, and also trust that the Class of 1910 will be a credit to the Petaluma High School, and an example to those following. Therefore, in conclusion, we wish to thank all our teachers who have helped us to make us what we are, and wish to be remembered as

The Class of the Commercial
Department, '10.

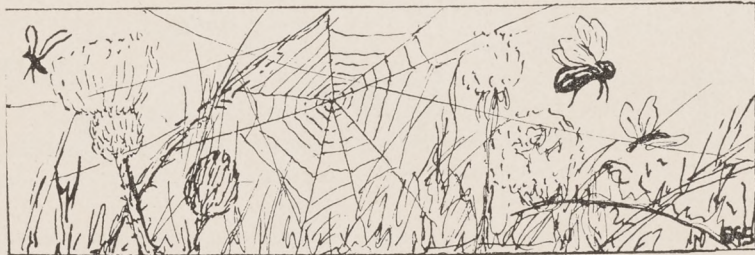
A SONNET.

The team that Petaluma had this year
The Basket ball which they have played
for us
And made most other good teams bite the
dust,
It is unto a wonder very near.
Our vaunted trackteams almost disappear,
Indeed are swallowed up without much
fuss;

All other teams leave them but a miss,
It breaks our hearts, they were to us so
dear.

But for us basketball has saved the day .
Honors have come to Petaluma fast;
Indeed, we scarcely now can see the way
Plaudits enough upon that team to cast.
Oh! may they good and happy live away
And play good basketball unto the last.

L. B. '10.



School Notes



SCHOOL opened August 19 with an addition to the faculty. Owing to the rapid growth of the school an extra teacher was found necessary. Miss Street at the first of the term taught part of the day in the Grammar school and in the afternoon at the High School. She was needed the entire day at the Grammar school, so another teacher, Miss Helen Prutzman, was found for the High School.

Miss Prutzman is a graduate of the University of California. She came to Petaluma highly recommended from Cogswell Polytechnic High School of San Francisco and from Fowler High near Fresno.

New rooms. Because of the large class

to enter in August it was found necessary to make another room out of part of the upper hall in the High School.

At the beginning of the school year the different classes were organized. The officers are:

Seniors.

President—Lorene Myers.
Vice-President—Shirley Bock.
Secretary and Treasurer—Marion Part-
ridge.
Athletic Representative—Arthur Pur-
vine.

Juniors.

President—Lillian Keller.
Vice-President—Irene Haran.
Secretary and Treasurer—Letha Need-
ham.
Athletic Representative—Percy Mills.

Sophomores.

President—Robert Adams.

Vice-President—Lois Purvine.

Secretary and Treasurer—Tillie Oeltjen.

Athletic Representative—Millard Brunson.

Freshmen.

Even the Freshmen thought they should have officers, so, with the guidance of the Junior Class, they elected the following:

President—Carl Gilger.

Vice-President—Ruth Connolly.

Secretary and Treasurer—Ray Murphy.

Athletic Representative—Raymond Tourtillott.

Carl left school and his office is now vacant as no one has been elected to fill his place.

On December 8 the Athletic Association gave the farce, "Mr. Bob" in the Unique Theatre. It was a success both financially and socially.

The farce, "The Freshman," presented by the Senior Class on April 15 in the Hill Opera House, is told about in another part of the paper.

The Senior and Sophomore, and the Junior and Freshman Classes have elected committees, who give a literary program twice a month on Friday afternoons. The two committees vie with each other to make their afternoon the best. Special credit is given to the Junior-Freshman Classes, for their afternoons were the most enjoyable.

On the Friday afternoon not taken up by the literary exercises, current event ex-

ercises are held. At this time pupils are called upon to give some current topic.

The chief social event achieved by the Class of '10 was the farewell reception to the graduating class of '09 on the evening of June 11, 1909. It was given in the Social Club Hall, which was artistically decorated with oak greenery, flowery and crepe paper. There were about one hundred and fifty present and the evening was spent in dancing.

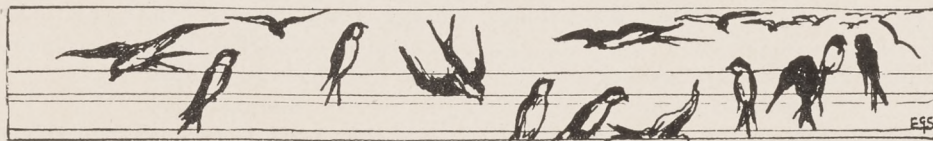
The next event was the Freshman reception, which took place in Woodman's Hall. The hall was nicely decorated. Dancing was the feature of the evening.

Miss Perkins took the Senior English Class to San Francisco in February to see "Macbeth" played. Those who went had a very pleasant time.

Whitney Falls. In March, Miss Daniel, the science teacher, took the Physical Geography Class to Whitney Falls to study strata, rocks, and such things. The day was profitably and pleasantly spent.

Miss Sweed formed a German Club, made up of most of the pupils of the Senior Class. She has often entertained the members at her home, where enjoyable evenings have been passed. Miss Frances Hoffman also entertained the Club. All present had a very pleasant time.

Glee Club. A Glee Club has been formed this year by Miss Helen Prutzman, which has proved both delightful and beneficial to the members.





ATHLETICS

Auth. Adams

Boys' Basket Ball.



At the beginning of the season there was a great deal of spirit in the school and a great many turned out for practice. The Kenilworth Pavilion was secured for practice.

Although we had the spirit we had small hopes of a championship team for the men were all small and far below the average High School weight. Captain Adams certainly deserves great praise for the zeal and patience with which he trained this team into one of the best Petaluma ever had. It is to be hoped that our next year's captain succeeds as well with his team.

Team.

Center Adams, (Capt.)
 Forwards Cannon and C. Peck
 Guards Dorroh and Purvine
 Sub. Percy Peck

Interclass.

The interclass basketball tournament was won by the Seniors, although the Freshmen put up a hard fight for it.

Sebastopol Game.

The first game of the season was played at Sebastopol. It was Petaluma from start to finish, and the final score was Sebastopol 9 and Petaluma 43.

Healdsburg Game.

We were next scheduled to play Commercial High of S. F. but at the last moment they sent word that they could not come. We were lucky enough to secure Healdsburg for that same night. This was the fastest game of the season and Petaluma was certainly in fine form. When time was called the score stood Healdsburg 16 and Petaluma 40.

Santa Rosa Game.

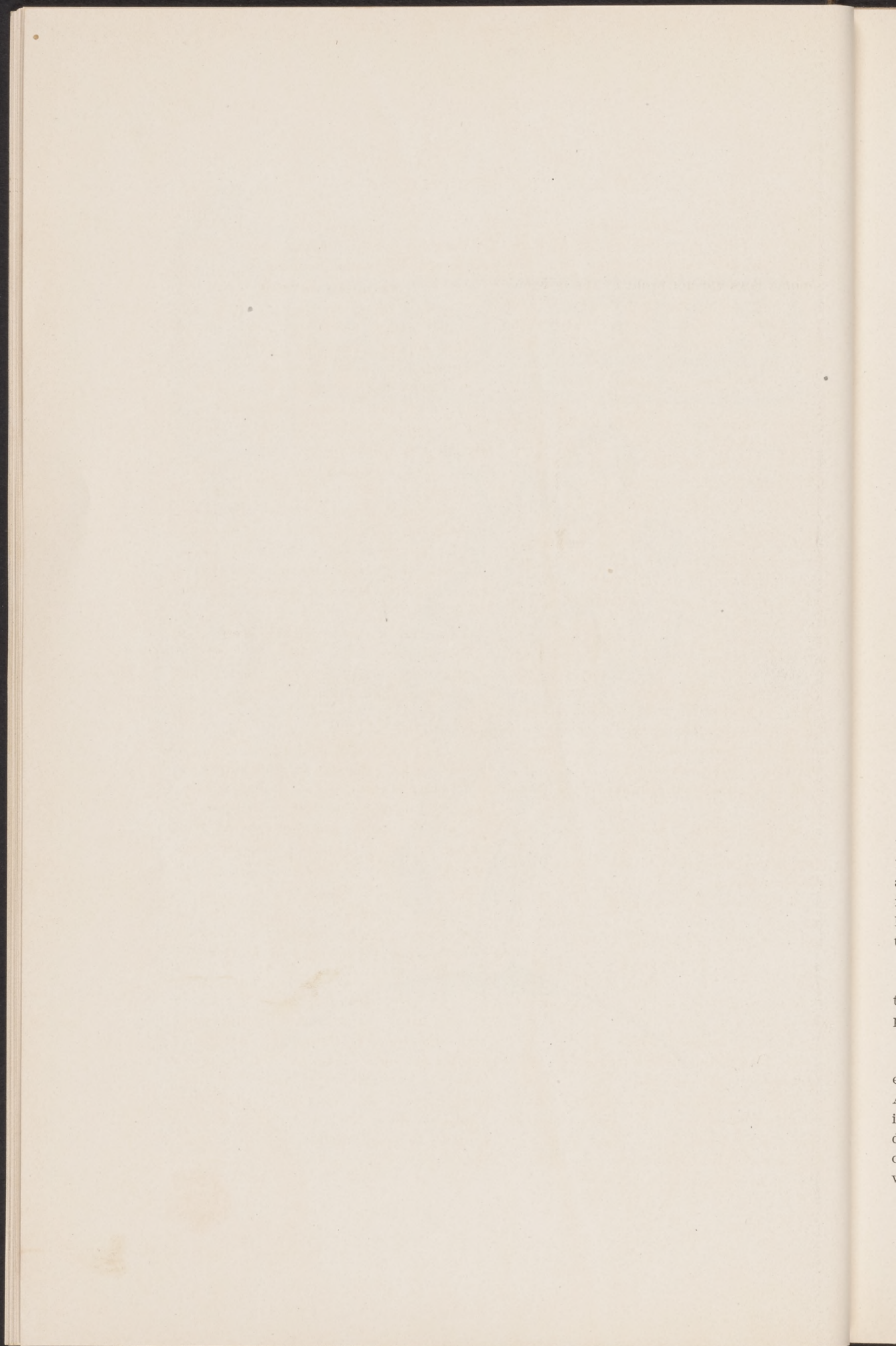
After these two games the League game was played in Santa Rosa. Our boys had very little experience, while Santa Rosa was on her own floor, and made a few goals in the first few seconds. Our boys lost heart and did not do their best until the last part of the game when they found out they could play and pulled up nearly a tie. The final score was Petaluma 20 to Santa Rosa 24.

Thus Petaluma did not get in the finals where she could have easily won the championship of this sub-league. Later we tried to arrange a return game with Santa Rosa but she refused.

Sonoma Game.

The next game was played with Sonoma High in Petaluma. It was a fast game but Sonoma did not have a chance. Petaluma won by a score of 28-17.





Sonoma. (In Sonoma.)

On the following week we played a return game with Sonoma in that city. The Sonoma boys did not profit by the previous game and had an idea that they were playing indoor foot-ball. When the whistle sounded the score stood Sonoma 12, Petaluma 23.

Mission Game.

After a great deal of trouble we secured Mission High for our next game. This was the most doubtful game of the season and Mission was in the lead at half time. But in the second half our boys woke up and won the game by a score of 31-20.

After this we were unable to secure any more teams, as most of the schools had given up basket ball for the track. The season was short but successful, Petaluma having won five out of six games; and all of the members won their block letters.

TRACK

At the beginning of the season a meeting of delegates from each school was held and the northwestern counties were organized into a sub-league of the A. A. L. instead of separate sub-leagues of the S. M. A. A. L.

Carleton Dorroh was elected track captain, and at the beginning of the season there was a great deal of spirit shown and a large training squad turned out. The race track was secured, and now that we had a place to train we thought we certainly could do something.

Interclass.

Nearly every boy turned out for the interclass, which was easily won by the Sophomores.

A. A. L. Meet.

Now that the interclass was over nearly everyone stopped training. On Oct. 1 the A. A. L. indoor meet was held in the Auditorium in San Francisco. Petaluma sent down a team consisting of eight men, who captured six points, which was more than we ever got in the A. A. L.

Team.

Dorroh, Smith, Brown, Doss, Adams, Anderson, Early and Brunson.

Northwestern Meet.

We were encouraged by the above success but we did not do so well as we expected in the Northwestern Meet. This meet was held in Petaluma on Oct. 16 and was won by Fort Bragg, who sent down a team of six men. Nine points were made for Petaluma by Early, Raymaker, Adams, Brown and Relay Team.

Spring Meet.

When it came time for the Spring Meet we were still playing basket ball and as most of the members of the team were also on the track team the training did not begin until a week before the meet. This meet was held in Santa Rosa on the 26th of March.

The Petaluma point winners were:

Smith, mile, 1.

Early, 50 yd., 2.

Brunson, high jump, 2.

BASEBALL

Under the Schedule of the Northwestern League Petaluma had to play Sebastopol, Sonoma and San Rafael to be in the finals. The team was not picked until two days before the first game and there had been very little practice.

Team.

Smith, p., Dorroh, c., Brunson, 1 b., Cannon, (capt) 2 b., Raymaker, 3 b., Walters, s. s., Weston, l. f., Runge, c. f., Hyatt, r. f., Peck, (sub.)

Sebastopol Game.

On April 9 we played our first game with Sebastopol in Petaluma. Sebastopol had a much larger team but did not have a "look in." Smith pitched an especially good game, and everyone played well. The score stood 4-2 in Petaluma's favor at the end of nine innings. Weston made three hits out of four times at the bat and scored twice.

Sonoma Game.

At the last minute we received a telephone from Sonoma saying that they had no team and so Petaluma was awarded the game.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

This is the first year for a long time that Petaluma has been without a girl's team. At the beginning of the season Irene Haran was elected captain, and Ethel Cannon manager, but, although there was plenty of good material in the school the team did not materialize. It is to be hoped that Petaluma can turn out a winning team next year.



The Athletic Editor is in receipt of the following letter from the father of one of the boys who trained (?) some of the time on the track. We hope all of the boys will read it carefully, and also see the point.

Deer mistur editur:

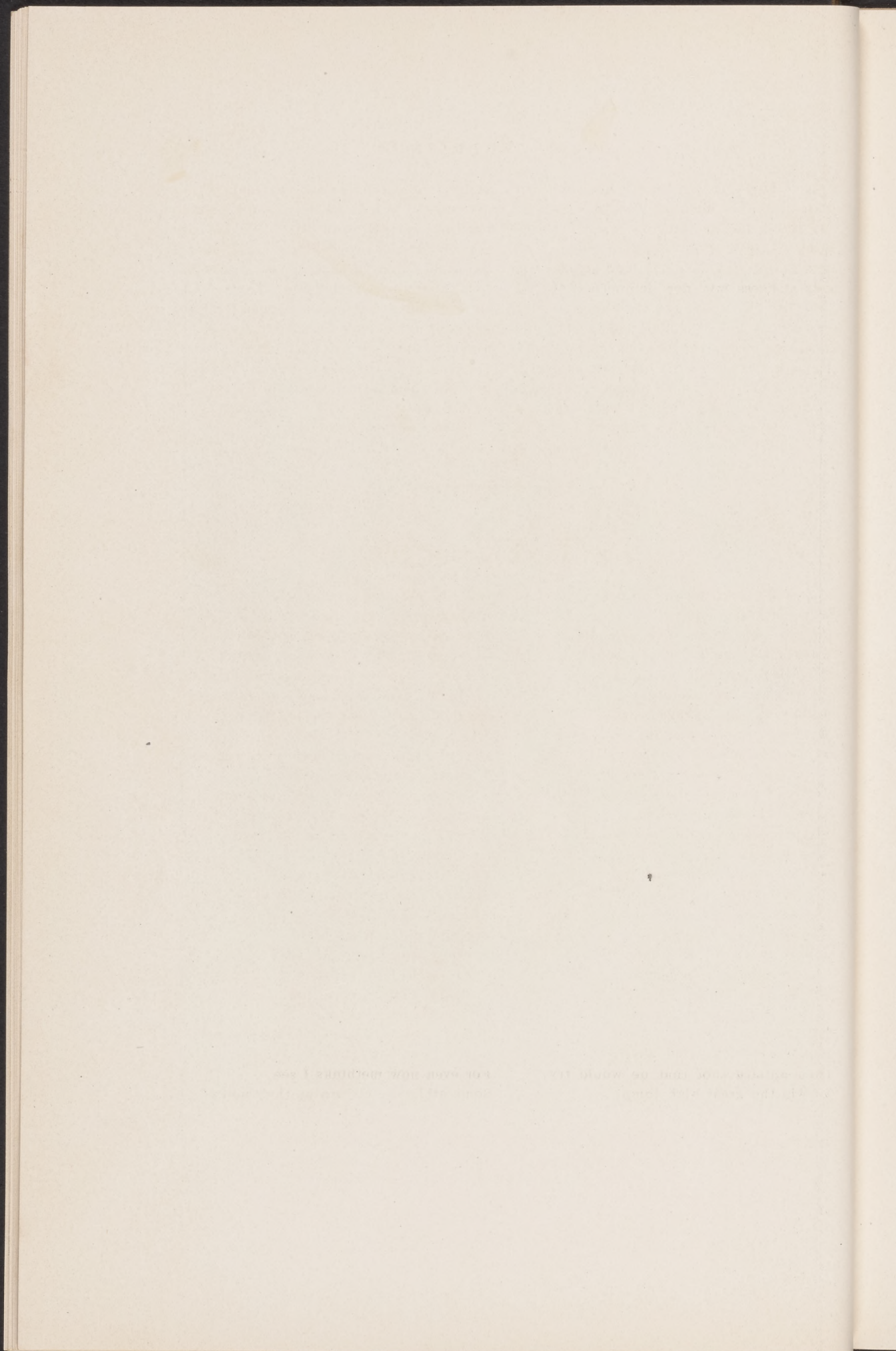
My sohn John came home the oder night too late to do any of the chores und feed the chickens und so weider, und saith he had been working mit der school down by der race track, und asked me would I get him a sweater already yet. Und, oh, I vas so proud mit my poy John I could hardly keep pack my laugh. Und I said mit myself, "John shall haf dot sweate rite away tomorrow." So I set der alarm clock up goot und loud for five o'clock, und dot day we moved chicken-houses und spaded ground fer der garden und planted kale for der little chicks un hauled feed und oder things mit der barn around, und so aboutt haf past five o'clock mit der afternoon I asked John how he liked his sweater yet, und he saith it vas getting a little too long, but I thought it might be all right, if it vas a little long anyvay since it vas a good sweater. But he saith he would be too stiff on Montag fur der train over on der race track! Vell, Vell,

shust listen to dat now, a train on a race track! Dot vas new to me so I asked John aboutt id, und he toldt me you had a field day pretty soon und he saith dat if dere vas only four men entered mit an event dat ve couldt get der fourth place just as easy as not if we got a good train over by der track. Und he saith it vas so nice mit der train. You didn't Laf to go there much, just once in a while, not enuf to hurt, und that may be two or three other boys would go on der same train dot day, und they would dress up in some pretty short clothes und talk aboutt vat Healdsburg und Santa Rosa und Ukiah would do when the field-day vas all here. Und then they would enjoy der Sonnenschein und der fresh air und go home proud mit derselves und vat they done for der school.

Und then some udder time somebody else would sit on der fence und train und go home again. Und so we haf won three oder four points sometimes und sometimes we haf none at all to speak of, so I vant for der help der athledics to make you a suggestion now. Warum not get der committee to put on a nice string mit points so dere would be more places to vin? If we couldt not get der second oder der fourth place we could perhaps get der seventh place, for my sohn John he tell me dat der is never anypody else vants der seventh place und we could haf it by asking for id und staying mit der train till der field day vas ofer.

We haf toldt der people dot ve could not vin out because ve had no track for der train, but now ve haf der track und can haf der train too if ve vant id, und so vy not do somedings? Vy not add on some more places, some fifth, oder sixth, oder seventh blaces und den vin all der big numbers on der list? I hope you will do id quick. My sohn John he got his sweater und if he can vin a few big numbers so he can veare a block "P" on der front of his clothes he vill be der proudest poy in der world.





Now here's to der High School, und der Kaiser, und der field day, und der train py der track und der sweater und everypody else! It is a great thing! Nopody efer gets run ofer py der train, und nopody efer gets stiffness mit der joints because he work too hard, und nopody efer get so he run so fast he can't stop, und nopody efer has to go round wearing a lot of gold medals on der lapels ov his coat, und der schol boardt nefer had to add on annudder room to holdt all of der trophy cups vich ve vins. Ja, it is a great thing! I like it,

und my sohn John he says he could sit on der fence und train once a veek for a whole month to vin dot block "P". Dere are oders who voould work almost as hard for der same length of time, if you couldt just furnish some refreshments. Let 'em do id und make der rdder beoples feel all proke up to see how ve can vin all der big numbers dere are in sight.

I hope you can do someding mit der suggestion which I gif you out of der fullness ov my heart.

Yours fer der Field-day,

Der Vater Johans.

The Track Team '09

Pierce Cromwell was an athlete,
Of wonderful renown:
But the only thing that he could do
Was knock the hurdles down.
Harry was our half mile man,
We expected him to win;
But anyway he managed just,
At third place to come in.
Our Fizzie was a sprinter,
We thot that he would shine;
His head shone in the sunlight
But he, shone way behind.
And then came Smith, our miler,
A wonderous man was he;
But lost his wind around the bend,
And laid him down to dee.
Joe Anderson, our Joe John,
Why did he lose the pace?
If he had gotten up more steam,
He might have won the race.
But then our little Ramie,
With bed springs in his shoes;
Did clear the vault at 8 ft. 9
Which gave the other chaps the blues.
Then Millard thot that he would try
To win the great high jump;

But Oh! alas! instead he won
A good, great, big, hard bump.
Then came Bob the High School's pride
Over the hurdles with manly stride;
If he'd had more speed and less ambition
He might have won some recognition.
Percy Mills then ran the mile,
And gained but little fame;
But still they say of this young man
That he at least was game.
Although our Evan, the village sport
At rallies did things hot (?)
When he appeared up on the field
He couldn't put the shot.
"Well, all right now fellows,
Three cheers for Warren the great."
Although he started Early
It seems he came in late.
Another chap called Mr. Doss
They say he's very young (?)
Tried his luck at sprinting
And got severely stung.
"I have told you of our 'Track Team'
So now my story closes,
For even now methinks I see
Some athletes (?) turn up their noses."



Let him now laugh

Who never laughed before,
And he who always laughs
Now laugh some more.

Startled Freshie: "Whatever was that noise? I am so frightened I am going to run right home."

Senior Freshie: (looking wise): "Don't be startled, little one, it is only Phillip Keller blowing his nose or sneezing."

Miss Daniel: (a) What is a contour line? (b) What is a contour space?

Freshie: (trying to look as though he knew): "A contour line is a line between each space. And a contour space is a space between each line."

Shirley Bock, (looking at Seniors' pictures) "I think Alice's are too dear for any use. So are Otto Klein's."

Lorene Myers (trying to tell history of Wordsworth's life) "His parents died when he was **early**."

A Poor Excuse is Better Than None.

(Some notes from the Attendance Book.)

- Jan. 10.—LeFebvre—absent—overslept.
24.—Lawrence—tardy—pump broke.
26.—Bock—tardy—train across track.
27.—Symons—tardy—harness broke.
31.—Molseed—tardy—came in wagon.
31.—Oellig—tardy—eating.
Feb. 18.—Haran—tardy—breakdown.
23.—Scudder—tardy—shaving.
23.—Pinger—tardy—rode in with slow party.
24.—Tourtillot—tardy—alarm clock broke.

There is a young freshman called Widen,
He is awfully small, oh, exceedin'!

Though he's always on time,
And as bright as a dime,
Longer legs he is certainly needin'.

Alice: "Warren, have you got a good ear-drum?"

Early: "Yes, why?"

Alice: "Then beat it?"



*Little Freshie, do not cry
You'll be a Senior by and by!*

FRESHMEN EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

- 1.—What is the weight of a ton of coal?
- 2.—What color is a white horse?
- 3.—How much will a ten gallon pail hold if full?
- 4.—What time does the 4:20 train arrive?
- 5.—How long did the Seven Year's War last?
- 6.—How high is a forty foot stand pipe?
- 7.—In what month do the Ides of March occur?
- 8.—How much will two-bit's worth of bacon cost?
- 9.—Who invented the Edison phonograph?
- 10.—How long is a foot rule?

Will Loftus was a boy so fair,
With nice brown, curly hair;
With his girlish face so pink,
You'd be surprised to see him drink—soda water.

Mr. P. (in History IV.) "Addie, how do mountains grow?"

Addie D. "The rivers bring the soil down from the uplands and build up the mountains."

FOUND IN A SOPHOMORE'S GEOMETRY.

My Geometry, 'tis of thee,
Thou book of misery,
Of thee I sing.
I hate thy crude rectangles,
Thy squares and all new fangles,
Thy pentagons and angles,
Thy chalk and string.

UNANSWERABLE.

- (1) "Who built the ark?"
- (2) "Where is Nervy's hat?"
- (3) "Why is Arthur Purvine affected by a pink dress?"

Mr. Way: (in Commercial spelling)
"Bier, a carriage for the dead. Perhaps the last beer."

This reminds the editor of the young minister who became rather confused after preaching a funeral sermon, and said, "The deacons will now pass around the bier."

There is a young student named Evan,
Whose height is about Six feet eleven
He wears fancy ties
And he loves to eat pies;
When he laughs, you would think he was seven.

Mr. Passmore (in History IV.) "Tell about the sailors in the Bonhomme Richard."

W. C. "They were very brave and strong but they must have been very small, for I read about one who went to sleep on his watch."

There was a big fellow called "Fat,"
Who wore a peculiar shaped hat,
Which he said was the go,
And I guess it was so,
For what ever he said was all pat.

Warren Early (leading yells) "All ready now! everyone that is going to yell double up in the front seats."

NEW THEOREM IN GEOMETEY.

If two pollywogs have their tails equal and extended in the same direction, and their bodies proportional, these pollywogs are similar.

Miss W. (giving lesson in subtraction to Freshmen) "Always subtract things of the same donomination from each other. You can't subtract three cats from six dogs or six inches from fourteen pounds."

Wise Freshie: "Can't you subtract three quarts of milk from four cows?"

Miss W. (In solid Geometry): "Shirley, what kind of figure have you?"

S. B.: "A rectangle."

Miss P. (assigning lesson in Old English Ballads): "I guess one fit will be enough for you tomorrow."

Miss D. (to the Phy. G. Class) "What is dew?"

Wise Fresh. "The earth revolves 365 times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion causes the earth's sides to perspire. This is called dew."

There is a young fellow named Cline,
Who at hand-ball's exceedingly fine;

But he punctured the ball
When he hit the school wall,
And he had to come through with a dime.

There is a young fellow named Mart,
Who think's he's exceedingly smart;

For he jumped five feet
At the A. A. L. meet,
And was carried home in a cart.

Mr. P. "What is a pentagon?"

Wise Soph. "A pentagon is a five-sided triangle."

U-need-a biscuit is all right;

We-need-a High School is better.

According to Hallie "there is a man for each of us." She ought to know.

DRAWING DIFFERENT STAGES OF CORN IN BOTANY.

Miss D. "That's the second stage you are drawing."

Robert M. "It was the first stage when I started."

Miss D., (explaining shadows in the Phy. G. class) "Do you see how long a shadow that flag pole casts when the sun is low in the east?"

Freshie: "That ain't no shadow, that's Mr. Passmore."

A young lady named Lillian Keller,
Fell in love with a bow-legged feller,

The husky young chap
Made her sit in his lap,
And she fell clear through to the cellar.

There was a young person named Halley,
Who went to a suffragist rally;

She left her poor hub
To rub in the tub,
But when ousted, home she did sally.

Miss Daniel and Shirley B. out hunting.
Shirley shot a bird: "Golly, I knocked that bird on the nut!"

Miss Daniel: "Yes, you severed a portion of the cerebrum."

Freshie: (in grandstand at field-day, seeing the attachment for high hurdles) "What are those small hurdles for? Are they going to let the small fellows run?"

Miss W. (explaining theory of energy): "Energy can never be lost or gained."

Ollie C. "I always supposed a hug was energy gone to waste (waist)."

Pierce C. (looking frantically through the Congressional Record) "Where's the Sporting Section in this paper?"

Mr. P.: (in Commercial Geography) "What machine is used to sow wheat?"

Bright Pupil: "A sewing machine."



Lorene Sees the Comet.

GIRLS CAN THROW.

It is known that Purvine was trying to make a hit with a certain girl by throwing stones at her, and also that he wore a shade on his eye for several days as the result of his "overtures" being returned.

My ball, my little rubber ball,
It ne'er deserted me at all,

When at hand-ball I was playing.
Bense knocked a hole right in its side,
And then my little ball it died.

(Signed.) Pa Singer.

Percy: "When I go to San Francisco I always have a couple of magazines, a bag of chocolates, and a box of lemon drops; but when I come home—"

Pierce: "Then you're the lemon drop."

In Geometry Herman was defining circles, beginning at the last instead of the first.

Mr. Passmore: "In defining a horse would you start with the tail and say that it is the part that follows the horse wherever he goes?"

Mr. P.: "Often one shot used in war costs as much as a college education."

Emma S.: "Gee, I wish I had one. I would sell it."

THE EVOLUTION OF A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT.

The Freshie: "Please, sir, I did not hear the question!"

The Soph: "Didn't hear the question!"

The Junior: "What?"

The Senior: "Huh?"

Mr. Arthur (as Craig softly creeps into bed on Sunday morning) "What time is it, Craig?"

Craig: "One o'clock."

Mr. A.: (as clock strikes four) "My, how that clock stutters."

Mr. Passmore: (addressing study hall) "There will be a short teacher's meeting at 3. 25."

Percy: (aside to Miss Daniel): "You and Miss Perkins can go but I guess Mr. Passmore and Mr. Singer can't."

There was a young student named Sid,
Who was greatly in need of a lid;
So in place of her hat
She stuck there a rat,
And took mighty good care it kept hid.

Arthur: "See here, that dollar you paid me yesterday was a counterfeit."

Percy: "Well, didn't you say you wanted it bad?"

Shirley Bock: "I don't want to be an angel."

Heath Angelo: "Maybe you would like to be an Angel-o."

There is a young maiden named Manning,
Who does an immense deal of planning,
When asked what about
She'd reply with a pout,
" 'Tis far beyond your understanding."

Alice: (fishing) "Don't you think all the pretty girls are in the Senior Class?"

Arthur: "Uh-huh, most of them—all the homely ones, too."

CLASSIFIED ADS.

The purpose of this section is to be of assistance to all our readers. First insertion free, price doubled till you are ready to quit. One insertion is generally sufficient.

Wanted—A place in playing hand-ball, by reliable, experienced and well-educated man willing to play with any sized boy. Apply to Mr. Singer, Latin room.

Wanted at once.—Some one to call me "Dearie," since my Seniors are going to leave me. Apply to Miss E. Daniel next August.

Needed.—Some one to show the Freshies around the building, so they won't get lost in the numerous closets. Experienced person preferred, must have good references. Address Senior Class, '10.

Wanted.—Someone to keep the coal bucket from tumbling over when Mr. Way sneezes. Good wages for the right person. Please call at office of Commercial room.

Wanted Immediately — Phillip Keller at the phone.—His mother.

A Hurry Call—Umbrella frames wanted for Geometry pointers. Highest quotation paid. C. Q. D. Call on Mr. Passmore.

Responsible Position.—Some one wanted to take care of my books. None but educated people need apply.—LeRoy Brant.

Lost.—My hat. Have lost said hat fifteen times in the last two weeks. Think somebody has hid it. See me at once.—"Nervy" Skinner.

Free Gift.—New flooring, either oil or sawdust. Warranted to make a school-room look like first-class meat market. Call on or address Board of Education.

A Blue and Gold Tie For Sale.—Cost \$2.-50. Worn by Mr. Passmore for one week. Going out of business, will sell cheap to right person.—Senior Class.

To Be Auctioned.—My cheesebox (nee rat-cap.) Only worn three times. H202 in color.—Emma G. Saline.

For Exchange.—Dust Rag, good material, will wear well and dust many more pairs of shoes. See Herr Singer, champion hand-ball player.

For Rent.—Part of my desk, none but small persons need apply. Must be industrious.—Madge Guiberson.

For Sale or Lease.—Some "Sunshine;" good for rainy days, will sell cheap to right party or will give long lease.—Carlton Dorroh.

There is a young fellow called "Pete,"
Who's considered remarkably fleet,
When the first bell did ring,
To his feet he did spring,—
But he sadly went back to his seat.

Editor: "Yes, I work till twelve o'clock every night and then get up at four and work some more."

Teacher: "When do you sleep?"
Editor: "In school."

Mr. Passmore: "Take the eighth chapter in your Hart's."

Rosa C.: "Oh, Mr. Passmore, I've lost my heart."

Miss D.: (in Phys. Geo.) "The moon was full Sunday night."

Freshman: "He must have gone to Santa Rosa."



| Name | Pastime | P. H. S. Book Shelf. | What the poets say about them. |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|--|
| Warren Early | collecting pencils | The Octopus | In arguing too he owed he his skill For e'en thou vanquished he could argue still. |
| Bradford Scudder | giving statistics | The Prodigal Son | I am a man whom fortune has cruelly scratched. |
| Evan Robertson | chasing the pie wagon | Anti-Fat | I am not lean enough to be thought a good student. |
| Olive Childers Nellie Fritsch | chasing—other things | To Have and to Hold. | Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. |
| Le Roy Brant | advertising Dr. Blank's "Hair Vigor" | The Rape of the Lock | His words of learned length and thundering sound, amazed the gazing rustics ranged around. |
| Philip Keller | making the welkin ring | The Silent Places. | The high dome reechoes to his nose. |
| Elwin Benson | causing trouble | The Saint. | There is some soul of goodness in things evil would men observingly distill it out. |
| Letha Needham | collecting class dues | The Boss. | The times are out of joint and cursed be the day that I was born to right them. |
| Virgil Skinner | advertising oil stocks | The Best Man. | He talks an infinite deal of nothing. |
| Clair Peck | taking elocution | The Man of the Hour. | I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that rise in me. |
| Oliver Le Febvre | prospecting | Captured. | With earnest eyes and round unthinking face. |
| Robert Molseed | exercising | The Long Road. | Sleep, it is a gentle thing beloved from pole to pole. |
| Lois Brown | oilng her shoes | The Storm Center. | Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong, is everything by starts and nothing long. |
| Meacham Fritsch | screechng | The Millionaire Baby. | How green you are, and fresh in this old world. |
| George Ross (turkey) | applying peroxide cream | A Speckled Bird. | Mislike me not for for my complexion. |
| Hazel Bryce | exercising her arms | The Right of Way. | A little learning is a dangerous thing. |
| Leo. Lenard | playing handball | Down There in Africa. | A six years Darling of a pigmy size. |
| Geraldine Booth | gerrymandering | By Divine Right. | I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark. |
| Clara Barth | imitating Seniors | A Great Love (of self) | At every word a reputation dies. |



EXCHANGES

For some reason the list of exchanges which came to our desk this year has been small. The quality of the papers has been up to the usual standard, however, and we find many new papers coming from the growing schools of the state.

"Green and Gold," Sonora. Your stories and jokes are good. Keep all your jokes in one place. A few more cuts would add greatly to the inside appearance.

"Purple and Gold," Ukiah, is one of the best exchanges we have. You can be proud of your paper.

"Mount Marty Annual," Rosedale, Kansas. Your exchange is the largest, best and the only eastern paper we have. The quality of paper and printing is excellent, as are also your stories and joshes.

"The Skirmisher" is another one of our best exchanges, and the only one with a Foreign Department.

The Skirmisher is published by the students of St. Matthews Military Academy at Burlingame. Our old friend and school-mate Frank Partridge has been exchange editor this year.

"The Sotoyoman," Healdsburg, deserves much praise, and is a credit to any school.

"The Acorn," Alameda, is a good paper. The cuts are exceptionally good, as is also the quality of paper and printing. The Haunted House deserves mention.

"The Bugler," published by the pupils of the military academy at Portland, Oregon, came to our desk at intervals this year. It is a fine paper. Harry Huntington, formerly with us in P. H. S., has been exchange editor this year.

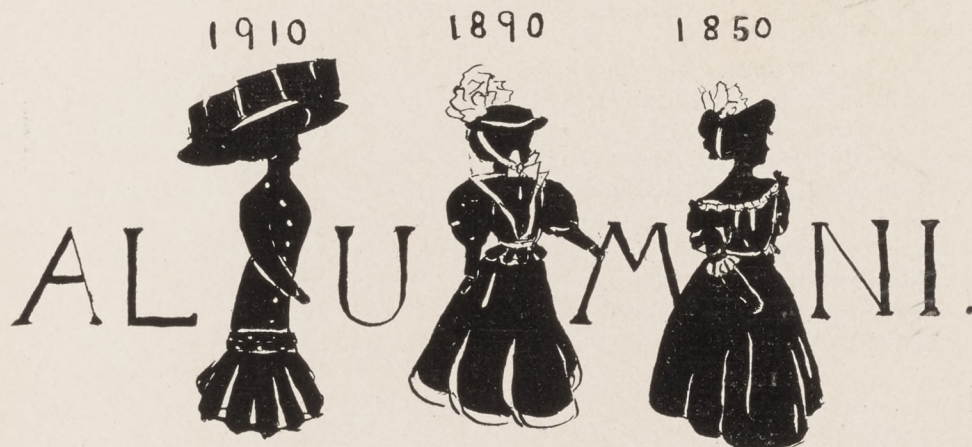
"Madrona," Palo Alto. Your stories are good but somewhat crowded. How about adding a few more cuts? This paper is published six times during the school year.

"The Mistletoe," Willits. The only criticism on your paper is that there is not enough of it. You are doing fine for a school of your size. Keep it up.

"Spectator," Cloverdale. There is much in the way of improvement to be done on your paper. It is too crowded, and lacks an index. There are few cuts, and the cover design is not attractive.

"The Poppy," Winters, is another one of our best exchanges. You have some good jokes. The list of jokes is generally a good sign of life and good school spirit.

Otto Klein.



WOODMAN is known by the size of the chips he scatters about, a factory is known by the quality and amount of finished product which is sent forth from the mill. To a certain extent a school is judged by the size and quality of its list of graduates. The first class to graduate from the Petaluma High School finished the course in 1875. The list of the graduates is long and contains the names of many who have taken high places in the business and political affairs of the state. We herewith give as complete a list of the graduates as it is possible to obtain of the classes since 1890. The list is not complete nor is it absolutely accurate for even High School graduates fail to keep their alma mater informed of their whereabouts. With all its imperfections we append the list in the hope that it may be the means of reviving many old memories in the minds of those who once attended the P. H. S.

1890.

Harry Gwinn, Cashier in the Petaluma National Bank.
Mrs. Etta Miller Gutermute, Petaluma.
Harry Cox, Petaluma.
James L. Dinwidde, in Real Estate Business in Petaluma.
Mrs. Cora Peoples Chapman, Oakland.
Mary Adams, Teacher in Petaluma Grammar School.
Neppie Veghte—

1891.

Henry Newburgh, Attorney in San Francisco.
Mrs. Hattie Allen Marble, Santa Rosa.
Arthur Tibbitts, Dentist in Petaluma.
Arthur Kendall—
Emma Cavanagh, Petaluma.
Harry Symonds, Mill Valley.
Robert Downie, San Francisco.
Mrs. Mattie Davidson Delaney, Berkeley.
Edwin S. McGrew, Custom House, Honolulu.
George Murphy, Mgr. of the Geo. P. McNear Feed Store at Petaluma.
Daisy Show Richards, Sutter Creek.

1892.

Albert Powell, England.
Effie D. Barber—
Charles Clemenson, San Rafael.
Henry Gugliemetti, near Petaluma.
Mrs. Ella Johnson Adams, Petaluma.
Maud Green, Teacher in Sacramento High School.
Mrs. Lillie Haskins Gray, Petaluma.
Charles Thomas, Attorney in Berkeley.
Mrs. Gertrude Hopkins White, Petaluma.
Emma Matzenbach, Teacher in Petaluma Grammar School.
Pearle Scudder, married and living in San Francisco.
Jessie Peters, Petaluma.
Mrs. Grace Maynard Nelson, San Francisco.
Elizabeth Whitney—
Mrs. Minnie Warner McCargar, Petaluma.

1893.

Mildred Farrell, Teacher in Petaluma Grammar School.
Lester Parker Hall, Doctor at Dixon.
Harold R. Campbell, With Petaluma Incubator Co.
Gustavus Bruckerman, miner in Nevada.
Mrs. Ada Putman Bickford, Napa.
T. Milton Putman, Professor in University of California.

1894.

Mrs. Lucy Mills Pelt, Guerneville.
Fred Bartly—
Geo. A. Lynch, San Francisco.
Ida Kimball—
Joseph Rafael, Lawyer in San Francisco.
Helen M. Anderson Peoples, Petaluma.
Mattie E. Fine, Teaching in Alameda.
Arthur J. Todd, Paris.
Will P. Dunn, San Francisco.
Wildric T. Hynes, Spokane, Washington.
John Thompson, Petaluma.

1895.

Grave Charlotte Buckley—
Mrs. Georgie C. Graves Boswell, Arizona.
Albert J. Anderson, Mexico.
Frederick Martin, Farming near Petaluma.
William Otto Matthies, in the Examiner Office at Los Angeles.
Edna Lois Gelbert, stenographer in San Francisco.
Mrs. Lillian Lewis Gammage, Petaluma.
Harold Martin, near Petaluma.
Frederick Ralph Starke, Napa.

1896.

Henry Phillips, Dentist in Berlin, Germany.
Mrs. Stella Falkner Hall, Petaluma.
Stuart Zeno Peoples, Doctor in Petaluma.
Marcus Herndon Goshen, Gov't Inspector of Shipbuilding, Mare Island.
Mrs. Edith Lewis White, Petaluma.
Mrs. Edith Haskins Gill, Petaluma.
George Hays, Clerk in San Francisco store.
Dorothy King, Petaluma.
Mrs. Edith Ormsby Putman, Lodi.
Mary Elizabeth Glenn, Humboldt County.
Mrs. Mary Corimhan Smith, near Petaluma.

1897.

Rodney Jay Putman, Ventura County.
Charles Arbuckle Goshen, Engineer, Mare Island.
Myrtel Thompson, married and living at Eldridge.
Thomas Talbot McGuire, Druggist in Southern Pines, N. C.
Agnes Elizabeth Brown, Teacher at Miss Hamlin's School, San Francisco.
Nellie Marie Loughnane, San Francisco.
George Pandall Alexander, Electrician in Sacramento.

1898.

Daniel W. Kamp, in Kamp's Livery stable, Petaluma.
William J. White, in the Insurance business in San Francisco.
Hill Graves, Santa Barbara.
Hiram Hopkins, with Geo. P. McNear Feed Store, Petaluma.

1899.

John W. Peoples, Dentist in Petaluma.
Werner Dietz, Government Engineer Reclamation Service, S. Dakota.
Frank Gale, Missionary in China.
Mrs. Joce Houx Olmsted, Petaluma.
Mrs. Mattie E. Wilson Scott, Petaluma.
Mrs. Ethel Harford Deane, Ukiah.

1900.

Frank Castello, Lawyer in San Francisco.
Grace V. Dean, Petaluma.
Lulu Matzenbach, Petaluma.
Joseph Schuman, San Francisco.
Mrs. Mae Melehan Howard, Tacoma.
Archie M. Alexander, San Francisco.
Mabel C. Sweed, Teacher in Petaluma High School.
Mabel Matzenbach, Petaluma.
Mrs. Birdie Mooney Benson, Petaluma.

1901.

Lena Lyle Hunt, San Francisco.
Eva Dean, Petaluma.
Clyde Healy, Berkeley.
Mrs. Gretchen Rost Roberts, San Francisco.
Crystal Harford, Teacher in Carson City High School.
Romildo Edward Perinoni, Petaluma.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '10.

Pearl Houx, Petaluma.
Grace Barlow Brower, Berkeley.
Hester Hunt, Teaching near Cloverdale.

1902.

Sarah Bookenoogen, Benicia.
Mrs. Zada Smitt Ott, Petaluma.

1903.

Floyd McAllister, working in San Francisco.
Herbert Brainerd, attending University of California.
Lewis Cromwell, working in San Francisco.
Tessie Sweed, Petaluma.
Thomas Winsor, Electrician in Washington
Edna Rodgers Rose, Croy.
Lou Silvey, San Francisco.
Elsa Schluckebier, Teacher at Oakdale.
Opal Hayes, Teacher in Petaluma Grammar School.
Carrie Mills, Penn Grove.

1904.

Walter Foster, Petaluma.
Ray Corliss, Petaluma.
John Lauritzen, Capt. of Steamer Gold, Petaluma.
Martin Poehlman, Book-keeper in Sonoma Co. Bank, Petaluma.
Allie Anderson, Interne at San Francisco Hospital.
Mrs. Emma Hyatt Fram, Petaluma.
Ruby McGuire, Petaluma.
Mae Purvine, Teacher in San Francisco.
Elizabeth Haran, Teaching near Petaluma.
Genevieve Martenelli, San Rafael.
Mrs. Nellie T. Burns Laux, Petaluma.
Mrs. Ada Stone Ames, New Castle, Calif.
Ida Perinoni, Petaluma.

1905.

Myrtle Nell Healy, Attending U. C. Berkeley.
Ludwig Schluckebier, Schluckebier Hardware Store, Petaluma.
Mrs. Irene Hastings Ledbetter, Santa Monica.
Edith Brake, at home in Penn Grove.
Ruth McGuire, at home in Petaluma.
Mrs. Clare Stratton Tiel, Newman.

Mrs. Olive Early Ayers, Petaluma.
Lillian Mattei, Teacher in Petaluma.
Ruby Haskell, home in Petaluma.
Wm. A. Lewis, Rancher in Newman.
Mrs. Gertrude Wilder Hutchinson, Oakland.
Florence Mills, Nurse in Santa Rosa.
Evelyn Hall, Teaching near Petaluma.
Mrs. Treasure Ellis McClymons, Oakland.
Helen Poehlman, home in Petaluma.

1906.

Elizabeth Drennon, San Francisco.
Millen Winsor, attending University of Pacific, San Jose.
Corallyne McGovern, Petaluma.
Otto Long, with Dodge, Sweeney & Co., Oakland.
Florentine Schluckebier, Petaluma.
Lenora Gage, Seattle.
Dulcie Bales—
Marion D. Falconer, Salinas.
Malcom Byce, with Petaluma Incubator Co.
Mata Meyerholtz, Petaluma.
George Mills, with Gas and Electric Light Co., Petaluma.
Mrs. Ruth Pierce George, near Petaluma.
Helen E. Peters, Teaching near Healdsburg
Cecil E. Mills, Camas, Washington.
Paula Freyschlag, Teaching near San Jose.
Emma L. Oeltjen, Petaluma
Frances R. Smith, Petaluma.

1907.

Bonita McKinney, Teaching at Cotati.
Leo Hart, with Golden Eagle Milling Co., Petaluma.
Nellie Graham, Petaluma.
Belle Rankin, attending Stanford.
Susy May Cheesewright, Petaluma.
Josie Mooney, attending San Francisco Normal.
Lorin Church, attending University of California.
Mabel Fritsch, Petaluma.
Volkert Faltings, attending Stanford.
Helen Purvine, San Francisco Normal.
Roy Butin, San Francisco.

P. H. S. ENTERPRISE '10.

1908.

Julia Church, San Francisco Normal.
Irene Mackay, Berkeley.
Harold G. Baugh, attending U. C.
Bryan Rice, Petaluma.
Ruth Tronsden, attending Business College, Oakland.
Veda Bowles, attending Hopkins Art Institute.
Florence Walsh, Petaluma.
Roy Evans, Petaluma.
Sophia Schuler, San Francisco Normal.
Russell Boothe, Editor Weekly Transcript, Concord.
Myra Green, San Francisco Normal.
Lily Wilstrup, San Francisco Normal.

1909.

Kitty Connolly, training in Hahneman Hospital, S. F.
Ralph Comstock, attending University of California.

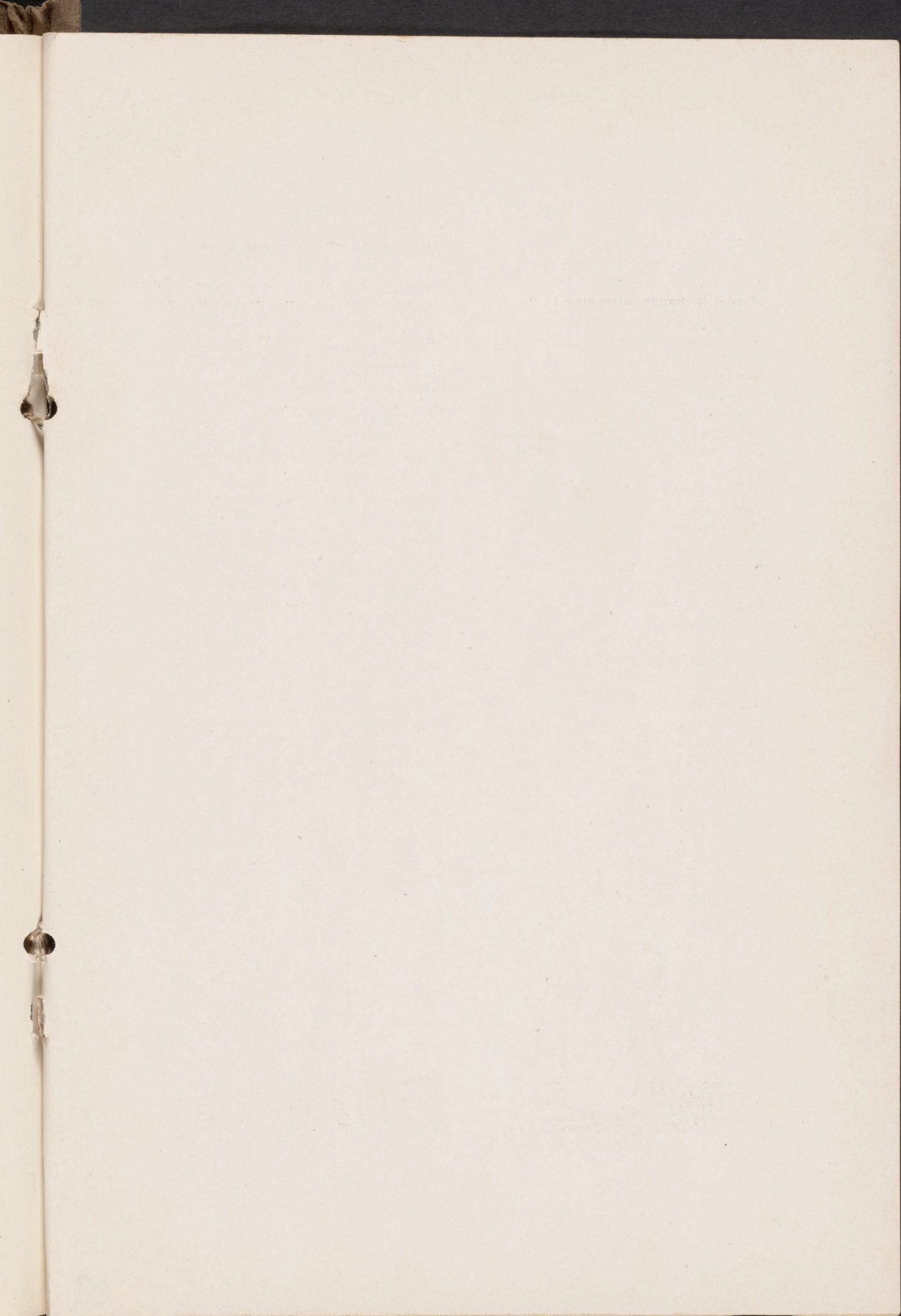
Jessie Scott, attending San Francisco Normal.
Isabel Gilbert, attending San Jose Normal.
Gladys Gould, attending University of California.
Charles Denman, taking Post-Graduate at Petaluma High.
Vita Jones, Petaluma.
Seth Mackay, Berkeley.
Anna Burleigh, attending San Jose Normal.
Charles Green, attending Stanford.
Anna May Canevascini, San Jose Normal.
Rowena Benson, attending University of California.
Genevieve Farrell, attending San Jose Normal.
Oliver Banta, near Santa Rosa.
Joseph Glikbarg, attending Hastings Law School.

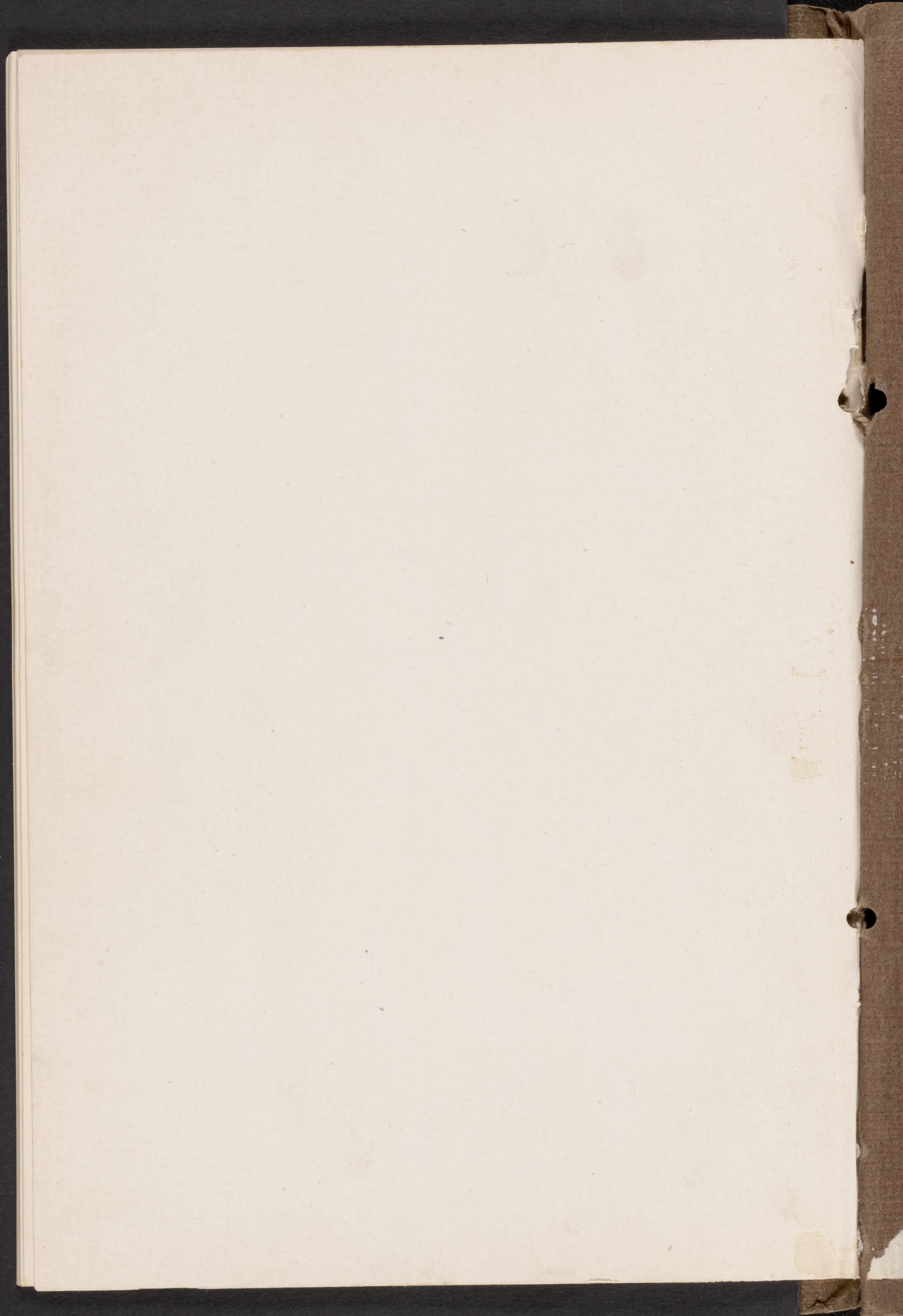
DECEASED MEMBERS.

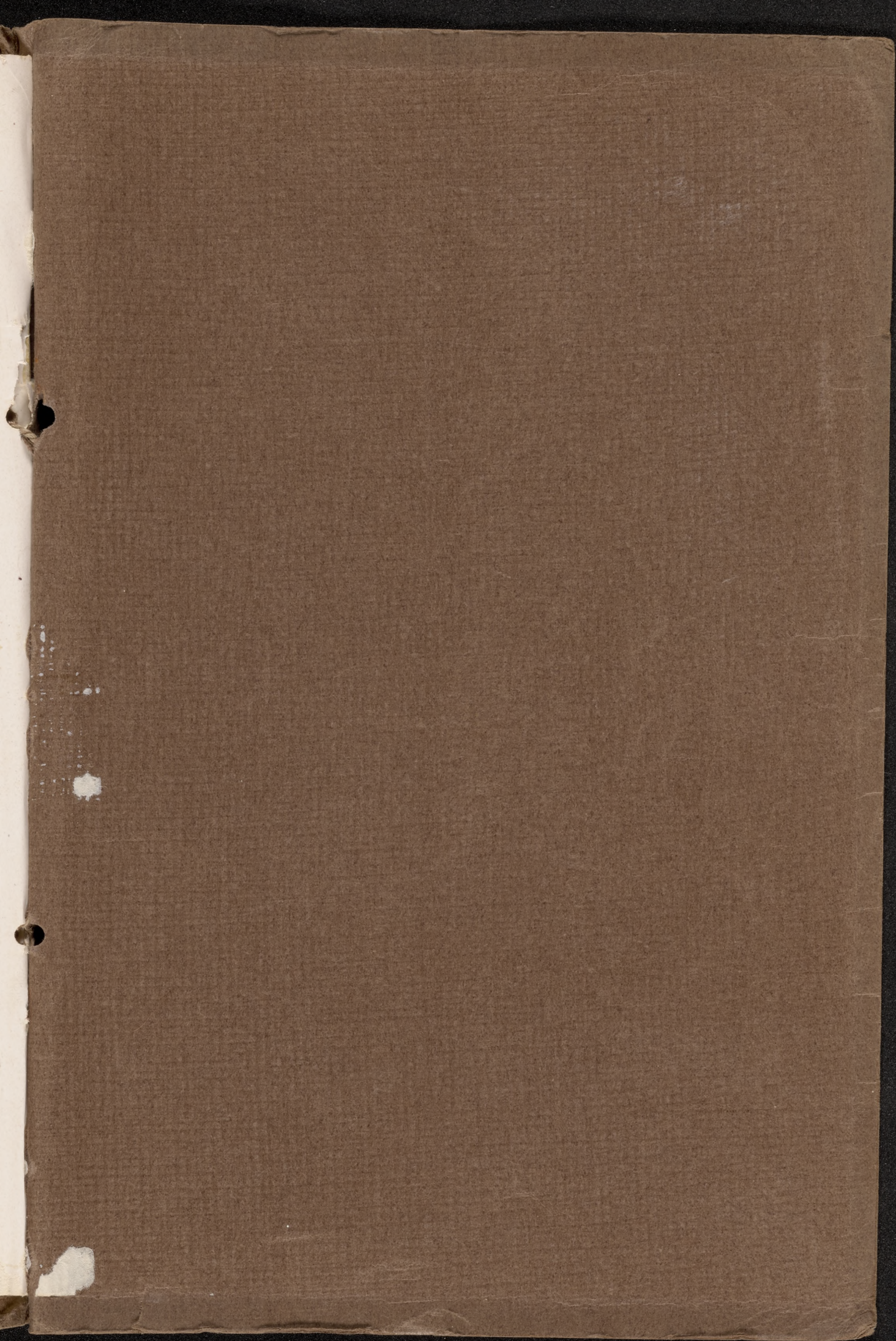
Agnes Jones, '93.
Elmer Brown, '99.
Ray Williams, '99.
Errick Maack, '95.

Jessie E. Jones, '95.
Ada Skinner, '94.
Ed. Carpenter, '94.
Mrs. Vivian Gray Davidson, '96.











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